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LOOK OUT FOR OUR NEW STORY, "TRACKED BY A PIRATE," WHICH BEGINS IN OUR NEXT.

# INQUISITIVE CLINTON;

Or,

## HE WANTED TO KNOW ALL ABOUT IT.

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

### CHAPTER XVII.

### TOBY.

CLINT moved with catlike agility, and gradually neared the major and his companion. Presently the gentlemen halted, and Holt, shaking the minister's hand, remarked: "I am glad we met this evening and have chatted that matter over. Once those men are silenced we can do as we please. They are a disgrace to the community."

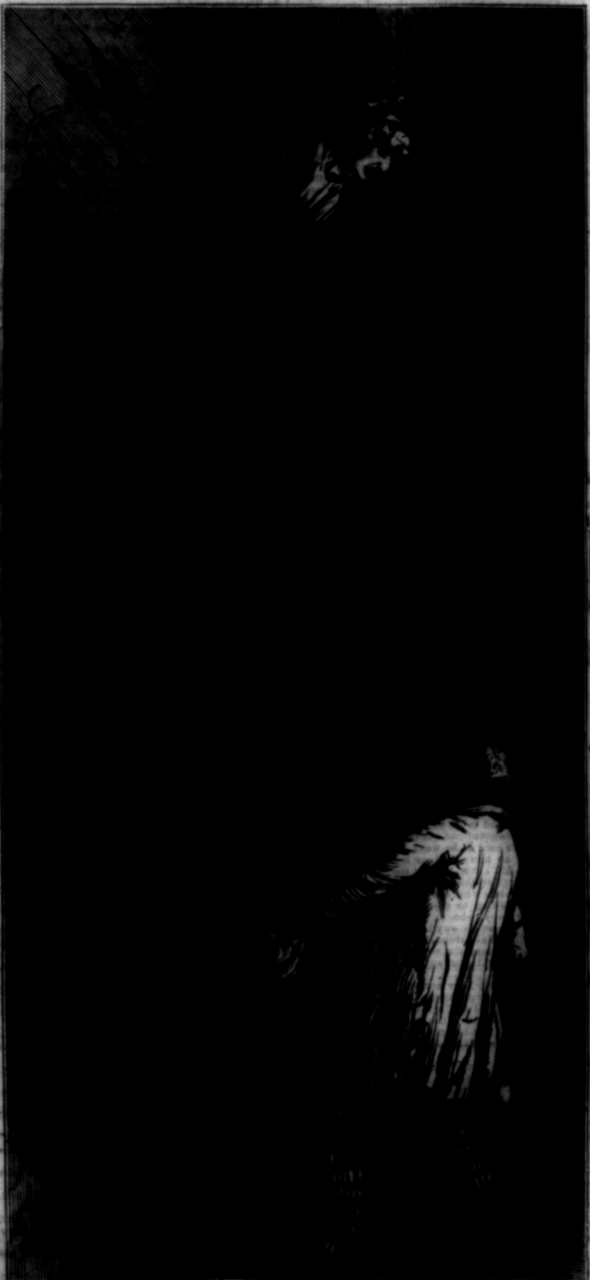
In his eagerness to catch every word of the foregoing, Clinton listened with his mouth agape and sucked in a musquito, which made him give vent to a choky cough. "What's that?" demanded the minister. Nobody replied; the boy being engaged in suppressing his inclination to repeat the sound.

Instead of dying like a decent insect, the musquito continued to kick in Clint's windpipe, causing him to cough a second time.

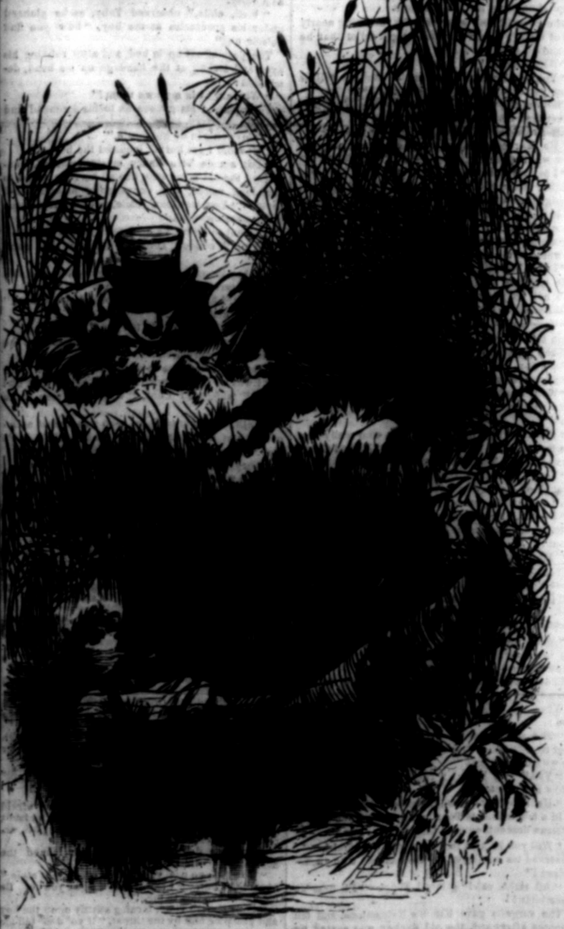
"What's that?" again nervously asked the clergyman.

"It sounded like a dog with a bone in its throat," replied the major, stooping and picking up a large stone.

Clinton had his hand over his mouth, his eyes were protruding, and he was straining every nerve to overcome his



"AFTER A WHILE A WINDOW-SASH ON THE SECOND FLOOR WAS RAISED, AND THE MINISTER'S WIFE PEEPED OUT, SAYING, IN A SHARP, DECISIVE VOICE: 'WHO'S THERE?'"



"MAJOR HOLT MOVED TOWARD THE SPOT, AND, STRIKING A MATCH, BEHELD CLINT. 'WHY, IT'S ONE OF MY CADETS!' HE CRIED."

inclination to repeat the sound; however, the insect continued to kick and tickle, so he was obliged to yield and cough a third time.

The major, who was a first-class player at baseball, threw the stone and struck the lad on the side of his head, rolling him over and landing him, insensible, in a ditch.

"It's a pig," said the minister.

Luckily for the boy, the ditch was not deep, or he would have quietly filled with water and been drowned.

"Well, good-night," said the major. "I'll walk over and see you to-morrow, and we will arrange the plan of the campaign. If these liquor-dealers are not taught a lesson, they will beat us at the next election. That fellow, Tom Grant, has considerable political power, and must be sat upon before he grows more troublesome. As for Jem Hayes, he's a decent man, and if you will talk to him I believe he'll close his store."

"Very well," said the other.

They were separating when Clinton, who had imbibed several quarts of water, uttered a gurgling noise.

"Hush!" breathed the minister.

"Glug-gug-gule!" went the lad.

"Listen!" once more exclaimed the gentleman. "It sounds like an animal drinking."

The ditch was in the shadow of some trees, and they could not see Clinton, who was lying on his back sucking in the peaty liquid.

Major Holt did as his companion requested, and presently they heard the boy choke again.

This time the sound was unmistakably human, so he moved toward the spot, and striking a match, beheld Clint.

"Why, it's one of my cadets!" he cried, as he knelt and seized the lad by the shoulders. "I wonder how he came here?" adding, when they had carried the inanimate form into the moonlight, "Why, it's Corporal Clinton Lee!"

"Best take him up to Cobb's," suggested the minister.

"No, I'll carry him home," answered Holt. "How in the name of common sense came he in that ditch?"

"He is bleeding," said the other. "You threw a stone, and it must have struck him."

The major took the boy in his arms, and leaning Clint's head on his shoulder, moved swiftly toward the school.

When they reached the gate he begged his friend to go for a doctor, then carried his burden into the hospital and sent for the teachers.

Of course Clinton was very sick, he being nearly full of water; however, when he got rid of that he opened his eyes and said:

"Where am I?"

"You're all right," answered the major. "How came you in that ditch, Corporal Lee?"

Clint did not reply.

Just then the doctor arrived.

After examining the lad's wound, he remarked:

"He has received a cut from a stone or bludgeon. How was it done?"

"I believe I am the culprit," said Holt. "I was walking home with the Reverend Mr. Richardson, through the owl-field, when we heard a noise. Thinking it came from some stray animal, I picked up a stone and threw it in the direction of the sound. A few moments after that we discovered Corporal Lee drowning in the ditch."

"Leave him to me for a while," said the surgeon. "He requires rest and freedom from excitement. I am not busy to-night, and will stay with the lad until I see how his case will develop."

"Very well," nodded the major; "I'll look in again after prayers."

When the doctor and Clint were alone, the latter whispered:

"Say, I've got suthin' important to tell you!"

"Well, what is it? You must remain quiet, or fever will set in. You've a severe cut on your head."

"I'm all right," murmured Clint, who really was in a fever. "Do you know whether General Grant is expected in Newville?"

"Yes," answered the doctor; "he's coming through on his way to New York next week. Now don't you excite yourself?"

"Doctor," he earnestly replied, "I've something to tell you. The major intends to smother General Grant!"

"All right, all right!" quietly returned the other. "We'll see about that! Now, you keep quiet!"

"I must tell you," said Clinton, half rising in the bed. "He's agreed to smother Grant, and the minister is going to settle President Hayes!"

"We'll see to that," said the doctor, in a soothing tone, as he mixed an anodyne. "Now, you drink this and lie down!"

Clint swallowed the draught, and, after tossing uneasily for a while, sank into a profound slumber.

When the major returned the physician said to him:

"The shock and wound have made the lad slightly delirious. Have you any one who can sit up with him to-night?"

"Yes," said Holt. "There is old Toby; you know him, doctor?"

"He'll do!" answered the gentleman.

In a few moments Toby, a venerable specimen of African descent, entered the room.

"Will you be able to sit up with Corporal Lee?" observed his employer. "He has met with an accident!"

"All right, sah!" grinned Toby. "I'll nuss de poor chile!"

The surgeon gave him his instructions, and ten minutes afterward, the old darkey was seated by the boy's bedside, pretending to read a volume of "Pilgrim's Progress."

Toby was a character.

He was seventy years old, as black as a coal, and had wool as white as snow; yet, in point of intelligence, was not much older than a child of fourteen.

No better-tempered or more faithful fellow ever drew the breath of life; and, as the cadets all liked him, his little vanities were rather encouraged than otherwise.

Although he did not know one letter from another, he professed to be able to read, his favorite book being a copy of John Bunyan's wonderful work that had been given him by General Grant.

He had been liberated by the general, who, when Toby was brought before him, was reading the book in question, which he had casually picked up from the table.

It had been the property of Toby's "ole mas'r," and on seeing it the negro said:

"Gen'l, do dat book belong to you?"

"No," quietly answered the warrior. "Would you like to have it, boy?"

Toby's grin of response was so expressive that the general made him a present of the volume, inquiring, as he did so:

"Can you read, boy?"

Once more Toby's cavernous mouth yawned, and after uttering a guffaw that made even Grant smile, he said:

"I'se g'win to larn when de wa' am ober, gen'l."

Poor Toby! He spent many weary hours in wrestling with the alphabet, but finally gave it up, though he assured every one to the contrary.

The old fellow could apparently read certain passages he had learned by heart; however, if you asked him to pronounce any single word, he was stumped, and would petulantly exclaim:

"Ki, chile; surely yo' don' doubt my 'bility?"

Toby firmly believed in four things—his religion, which was of the colored Methodist persuasion; his ole mas'r, whom he affirmed "went straight to heabben;" his book, and General Grant.

After the war he had accompanied Major Holt North, and acted as his body-servant until the school was a success, when he was allowed to do pretty much as he liked.

Being of a gentle, kindly nature, and fond of the boys, Toby volunteered to act as nurse, and in light cases was permitted to officiate, he being delighted if he could sit up at night with a patient, on which occasions he always pretended to read his "Pilgrim's Progress."

Clint slept till midnight, when he awoke as fresh as a daisy.

"Well, chile," observed Toby, as he glanced under his spectacles at the boy, "how you find yo'self, eh?"

The patient sat up in bed, and after rubbing his eyes and feeling at the bandage on his head, demanded:

"Why ain't I in my own room?"

Toby pushed his glasses on to his forehead and replied:

"'Cos you's in de hosspittle."

"How did I get hurt?" inquired the boy.

"Dat am de 'strordinary mysteriousment," answered the old man, who, like all his race, loved to use long words, and occasionally manufactured them. "You' was foun', chile, full ob water in the ditch, near owl-field."

"I want to know," ejaculated Clinton.

"Yeth," nodded Toby; "dat am the trool, chile."

The boy thought for a few moments, then said, in a low, mysterious tone:

"Toby, I know why I was knocked on the head."

"Why, chile?"

"Come closer, and I'll tell you."

The old man inclined his snowy head toward the patient, and murmured:

"Go on, chile; I'se dyin' to l'arn."

"I was up in the tree trying to catch that owl again," whispered Clint, "when two men came along."

"Yeth," murmured Toby, who was almost as inquisitive as his companion. "Go on, chile; don't stop."

"They were *conspirators!*" breathed Clinton.

"Con what?" gasped Toby.

"Con-spir-a-tors!" repeated the lad.

"Don't know 'um!" sighed the old fellow. "Dey don' belong to dis place, do dey?"

"Ye-s!" said Clinton, speaking into the other's ear. "A conspirator is a person who plots."

"Plots?" said the bewildered darkey. "Am dey gardeners?"

"You're awfully stupid!" cried the boy. "These were persons, you know—plotting, conspiring—to settle President Hayes and to smother General Grant."

"Wha-aat!" shrieked Toby, rising and dropping his book. "Wa' yo' say, chile? *Smudder* General Grant?"

"Yes," nodded the other; "smother him to death."

It was some moments ere the aged negro again spoke.

He stood with his wool bristling, his eyes projecting, his nostrils dilated and his mouth opened to its fullest capacity.

"It's true," said Clint. "Grant will pass through Newville in a day or two, when they will carry their plot into execution."

Toby passed his trembling hands through his wool, then said, in a significant tone:

"Tole me deir *names!*"

"I don't like to," said the lad, who was afraid the old fellow was going crazy. "You mustn't git mad, Toby. I'm going to have them both arrested."

"*Tole* me deir names!" again exclaimed the negro.

"Now, it's no use your riling up in that style," observed Clint. "I feel jes' as mad as you do. Be calm. Leave this to me."

"Chile," cried Toby, turning swiftly upon the boy and grasping him by the throat, "if yo' don' tell me dem conspittators' names, I'll choke yo'!"

He was intensely in earnest, and Clinton knew it would not do to deceive him.

"Let me go!" he gurgled. "I'll tell you, Toby!"

The negro relaxed his grip, and said, in a tremulous, husky voice:

"Now, out wid 'em, chile. I'se jes' crazy!"

Clint gazed anxiously at him, and replied, in a terrified tone:

"Well, if you must know, Reverend Mr. Richardson has agreed to settle President Hayes, and Major Holt is going to smother General Grant."

"What!" howled Toby. "Who tole yo' dat, chile?"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE PLOT THICKENS.

"I LISTENED!" said Clint.

"Yo' listened!" gasped Toby.

"Yes," nodded the boy. "I overheard them laying their plans! You see, they've joined the new party and are down on the Republicans!"

"Chile," earnestly demanded Toby, "ye's sartin yo's right in the head?"

"Oh, I'm not crazy!" answered the boy. "Sure as you live, the major intends to smother General Grant! I've heard old Sen Simmons down to Poquam, say these new-departure politicians will do anything!"

"New-pasture politicians!" moaned the old negro. "Wa' sort yo' call dem, chile—Demmicrats?"

"No; they're reformers!" replied Clint. "When I lived hum, I used to hang round the grocery-store and listen to the men talking politics."

"'Pears to me you'se a *powerful* listener!" murmured Toby. "Fo' gracious sake, chile! Dis is a dreffle ting wa' yo' say 'bout the major; *he fo't wid Gen'l Grant*, yo' know!"

"He's going for his wool now!" said the lad, in an earnest tone. "The major ain't the only man who dislikes Grant!"

"Jus' sho' me de odders!" cried Toby, excitedly—"jus' sho' me dem, an' yo' see wa' I'll do!"

"There's old Deacon Struthers, down to our place," continued the other. "He hates Grant worse'n pisen!"

"Wa' fo'?" ejaculated the now thoroughly aroused negro.

"Well, you see," said the boy, in a soothing voice, "the deacon was drafted on the day the news came of Lee's surrender. He had up to that time contrived to get off, but the last drawing caught him. When he heard 'bout the soldiers being entitled to pensions he wrote to General Grant for one, and never received a reply. Now he's down on him, dreadful! He's like the major, he'd jes' as soon smother Grant as eat!"

Toby raised his trembling hands to his forehead and thought a while, like one thoroughly grieved and amazed.

In his childlike simplicity he never for a moment questioned the accuracy of Clint's story.

He loved Holt like a son, and worshiped Grant.

Presently he turned to his informant, and, mastering his emotion, said, in a quiet manner, as though he had made up his mind:

"Chile, I'se gwine to stop dat smudderin'!"

"How?" inquired Clint.

"Yo' go sleep, an' leabe ebberyting to me!" said Toby. "I ain' gwine to 'low de major do such dreful foolishness!"

"The minister put him up to it," remarked the lad. "He's going to settle President Hayes. He's a nice sort of clergyman, isn't he?"

"Yo' go to sleep, chile," said the old man. "I'se gwine out fo' a little walk."

"But it's night," remarked Clint. "Say, Toby, be advised by me, and leave them alone. I'll fix it to-morrow. I mean to go to a magistrate and expose the conspiracy. If you interfere they might knock you on the head as they did me."

"Yo' tink I'se g'wine to sit down an' fold my hands when de gen'l is in danger of bein' smuddered?" cried Toby. "Yo' tink dis ole man's gwine to 'low dese tings to be done widout tryin' to stop dem?—no sah!"

"Well, you needn't get so mad about it!" observed the boy. "I've told you, and if you'll only leave it to me I'll have those conspirators in prison by this time to-morrow."

"Dere don' need no *prison* 'bout it," said the darkey, in a low, intense tone. "Dem lambs has gone astray, an' dey has to be led back to de 'Publican fold. Go sleep, chile, an' leave dis matter to Tobe."

In another moment Clinton was alone.

He crept out of bed and heard the old man unlock a side-door and quit the house.

"Guess he's gone to cool himself," he thought. "My gracious, didn't he get mad! He seems mighty fond of Grant. Well, the general is a grand man, anyhow. He understood Deacon Struthers right through. I wonder where Toby has gone?"

He yawned, and taking a string from his pocket, fastened one end to the handle of the door, through which his attendant had quitted the building; then, unrolling the cord as he went, returned to bed.

"Now," he murmured, as he secured the other end about his ankle, "when the old coon comes back he'll jerk on this and awaken me. I'd admire to know what he's bin out about."

Leaving Clinton to enjoy another slumber, we will follow Toby, who, as the reader has no doubt surmised, was on his way to the minister's house.

"I'll talk to Rebberent Richardson," he thought, as he groped along the road. "Dese 'vangelicals ain't got much religion, anyhow. Dey's not like us Melodists."

After tumbling over several obstacles and narrowly escaping immersion in a pond, Toby reached his destination and boldly rang the bell.

It was about one in the morning, and he could scarcely see a foot before him.

The old fellow trembled, for the air was somewhat chilly.

Presently he again seized the bell-handle and tugged at it vigorously.

After a while a window-sash on the second floor was raised, and the minister's wife peeped out, saying, in a sharp, decisive voice:

"Who's there?"

"I'se here, missis," replied the shivering negro. "I wan' to see Rebberent Richardson."

"What's your business?" she demanded.

"I don' like to tell yo', missis. It's privut. I musn't inform yo'."

"Why not?" she snapped.

"'Cos it's privut," he hoarsely answered. "I wan' to see de minister on berry 'portant business."

He heard her close the window, and could see a light gradually illuminate the apartment.

"I hope the major is not sick," sleepily remarked her husband, as he hurried on his dressing-gown. "Surely that boy Lee cannot be dead?"

"Toby won't tell me his business," said the lady. "I wish folks would let you rest at night."

"Oh, I must go when I'm summoned," he replied, gaping as he spoke. "People do not call one up at this hour in the morning without a good reason."

He took the candlestick from the bureau, went softly down-stairs, and opening the front door, said:

"Come in, Toby. What is the matter?"

The negro entered, bobbed his head respectfully, and said, in a low whisper:

"Rebberent Richardson, sah, I knows all 'bout dat plot. Don' do it, sah. Don' do it."

"Eh—what?" exclaimed the gentleman, rubbing his eyes.

Toby took this for pretense of ignorance, so he said:

"Oh, yo' *know* well nuff."

The clergyman gazed inquiringly at his visitor, and imagining the old fellow had lost his reason, said, in a soothing manner:

"All right, Toby; I won't."

"Gib me yo' han' on dat," said the other, gleefully, extending his black fist. "Ki! I tole dat boy I could stop yo'."

"Certainly," shivered the minister, still believing the old fellow was crazy. "Now, come into the parlor and lie down on the lounge. I'll drive you home at daybreak. You mustn't go wandering round in your state."

Toby, who was shaking his hand heartily, did not notice his speech; he merely grinned and murmured:

"Bress de Lord! one stray lamb am returned to de 'Publican fold."

Ere the gentleman could detain him he was off back to the school, singing, as he went:

"De lilly lam's dey wandered,
De shepherd hook dem in,
'Lew-yah!

"Dey's back into de fol',
No more dem lam's will sin,
'Lew-yah!"

The clergyman listened a while, and as the sound grew faint, murmured:

"Poor Toby! He's out of his mind! The major will have to send him to a lunatic asylum!"

When the negro neared home he ceased singing and crept silently to the side-door, which opened outward.

By that time Clint was fast asleep and snoring.

"Hello!" murmured the old man, tugging at the handle. "Wa' dis? Somebody's bin lock me out? No—it—gibs!"

Notwithstanding his age, he was still pretty strong, and gave the cord such a jerk that he most effectually aroused the sleeper, who, remembering the "attachment," got up and unfastened it from his limb, then listened.

He heard Toby grope his way up the stairs, to the major's apartments.

"I'd like to know what he says to Holt!" he mused. "Reckon the circumstances justify my listening!"

He slipped on his stockings and followed.

The darkey was knocking on the door of his master's chamber.

Clint moved like a shadow.

By the time the major had aroused the boy had arrived at the first landing.

"What is it?" asked Holt, in a drowsy tone. "Is Corporal Lee worse?"

Toby waited until the door was opened, then said, in a firm voice:

"Major, I wan' to talk wid yo' 'bout dat 'spiracy!"

Clint pricked up his ears.

"What?" demanded Holt.

"Dat 'spiracy, mas'r!" murmured the negro. "Oh, major, don' do no such ting as dat!"

"An what?" was the other's astounded exclamation.

"Don' smudder Gen'l Grant!" pleaded Toby, clasping his hands and falling upon his knees. "Oh, major, wa' fo' yo' turn 'former, eh? Why yo' no stop 'Publican or turn Demmicrat? Dem's all right. I'se made de minister promise; now yo' do it, major!"

The gentleman paused for a moment, and after he had somewhat recovered from his bewilderment, asked:

"Toby, have you been drinking?"

"Wa'?" gasped the negro. "Me drink? I'se a blue-ribbon total-abstainer!" Then, remembering his mission, continued: "Yo' won' smudder Gen'l Grant, will yo'?"

"Toby," presently observed the major, "let me feel your pulse. You're not well, my boy."

"Major," said the old man, speaking very earnestly, "yo' keant bluff dis chile! I know all 'bout yo'r 'spiracy. Now, wa' has de gen'l don' dat yo' wan' to smudder him?"

"He's crazy," murmured Holt, as though speaking to himself.

The negro heard his words, and once more raising his clasped hands, said, in an earnest tone:

"Oh, major, don' do it! Yo' fot with Gen'l Grant, yo' know; yo' mustn't try to smudder him. I'se not crazy; it's yo' is dat, major."

"Toby," said the other, gently, "go to bed. I'll talk to you after you've slept."

"I'll nebber git up off my knees until yo' promise me yo' won't commit dat dreful crime!" excitedly answered the poor fellow. "De debbil mus' hab got hol' of yo' to make yo' tink ob such a ting, major."

Clint was so intensely interested in the foregoing conversation that he had gradually crept up the stairs, and when the negro uttered his last speech was close behind him.

"Toby," presently inquired Holt, "who told you I want to smother my esteemed friend, General Grant?"

"Corporal Lee," stoutly answered the darkey. "He tole me all 'bout de 'spiracy."

"Oh, he did, did he?" angrily replied the gentleman.

Clinton turned, in order to retire; he remembered the saying:

"Listeners seldom hear any good of themselves."

He also felt a peculiar sensation, which some people would term blushing.

In his haste to get out of hearing he made a false step, and shot headlong down the stairs.

"Wa' dat?" yelled Toby, springing to his feet. "Wa' dat?"

Clint, who had not sustained any additional injury, thought it best to pretend being stunned, so he remained as still as a mouse.

The major procured a light and descended the stairs, followed by the trembling negro.

"Hum!" exclaimed Holt, as he recognized Clinton; "I thought as much. He has been listening again. Take him back to bed. He wants a ride on the horse."

"Major," inquired the old man, who was beginning to think the boy had played him a trick, "don' dis chile always speak de trof?"

"He's a mean, sneaking little eavesdropper," indignantly answered the major. "As soon as he gets well I'll teach him a lesson he'll never forget."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### IN A CORNER.

CORPORAL LEE was not present at parade that morning.

When the doctor came he pronounced the boy well enough to get up, but advised he should not study for a day or two.

The major replied "Very well," and did not say anything to the sick youth, who loafed around, wondering what sort of punishment he was to have.

The joke was too good for Toby to keep, and by noon the cadets were posted with regard to their comrade's adventures.

They even knew about Clinton and Jarvis visiting Farmer Cobb's, and of the lawyer's purchase.

"It's a shame to carry the matter further," wrote Cottonwood. "We ought to tell him!"

"Not a bit of it," they said. "You see, he isn't cured. Remember poor old Toby; a nice mess he got into through Lee's inquisitiveness!"

Holt somehow contrived to learn how matters stood, and on the third morning, when Clint made his appearance in the classroom, summoned him upon the platform.

"Now for it," thought the boy; "he's mad!"

Clinton marched up the steps, and saluted:

"Corporal Lee," began the major, "you have been guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

"I'd like to know in what manner, major?" he respectfully replied.

Every one smiled at this.

Holt was as fond as any boy of military titles, and carried his soldierly ideas to a ridiculous extreme.

"I shall try you by court-martial," he said.

"Oh!" murmured Clint, as much as to say, "It's all up with me now!"

This made the cadets laugh outright.

"Silence!" thundered the major. "The next person who smiles will be paraded in heavy marching order!"

"Thank you, major," innocently observed the prisoner. "I do hate to have folks laffin' at me."

Holt was obliged to pretend a fit of coughing, in order to preserve a serious face.

After a pause, during which the boys glanced up at the roof and out of the window, he said:

"Lieutenants Brock, Radway, King, Stonehurst, Danforth and Goodchild, and Corporals Williams, Baker and Ford will assemble on this platform and form a court, for the purpose of trying Corporal Lee."

The lads named saluted, rose, stalked up the steps, and seated themselves on a bench that extended along the wall.

"Elect your president!" said the major, addressing them as a commander-in-chief of an army does his staff.

"I'll vote for Grant," cheerfully remarked the prisoner. "Didn't know this was 'lection day."

The boys composing the court snickered, and the others, who had vainly endeavored to keep serious, laughed outright.

"Silence!" shouted Holt. "Prisoner, stand at attention."

Clinton straightened himself up and looked as grave as though he had lost his last friend.

Of course, trying him by court-martial was all nonsense. However, the major did not consider it such.

He kept a military school, and everything had to be done in a soldierly fashion.

After a brief consultation they elected the youngest boy, Corporal Williams, president, and the court was pronounced open.

"Who charges the prisoner?" gravely inquired the presiding officer.

"I do," said Holt. "I charge him with having listened to a certain conversation between myself and the Reverend Mr. Richardson; also with making up a story that the minister and I intended to attack our worthy President Hayes and General Grant."

"So you did," boldly answered Clint. "I overheard you say you'd smother Grant, if the Reverend Richardson would settle Hayes."

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared the court and spectators.

Holt and the teachers joined in the merriment, after which he explained the truth, winding up by saying, in an indignant tone:

"The corporal's inquisitiveness not only led to his being wounded and almost drowned, but caused my worthy old servant, Toby, to arouse the minister at one o'clock in the morning and myself to be awakened shortly after. His peeping and listening have placed him in a very disagreeable position, and almost brought about a tragedy!"

"Prisoner!" said the president, in a solemn voice, closing his eyes as he spoke, in order to keep from smiling.

"Hello!" nodded Clinton. "Well, what is it? S'pose I've got to ride the hoss!"

Once more everybody gave way to merriment, Clint laughing as loudly as any of them.

When silence was obtained, the president said:

"Prisoner, I was about to ask you whether you were guilty, when you interrupted me!"

"I thought you were done," drawled Clinton. "Well? Of course I did it, and, thinking the major referred to General Grant and the minister to President Hayes, I told Toby so!" grinning. "My, wasn't he be mad! I swan, his wool rose an' he grabbed me. Ses he, 'Chile, if yo' don' tell me dem conspitititators' names I'll choke yo'!'"

His mimicry of the old darkey was so excellent that it convulsed his hearers.

As the major leaned back in his chair, and held his aching sides, he wished he had not endeavored to try Clint by court-martial; still, as he had commenced, he knew he must carry it out.

There stood the boy, straight as a poker, with his ears sticking out like show-boards and his face as grave as a judge's.

After a while the president remarked:

"Then you plead guilty to the charge of listening and peeping?"

"Major," he coolly observed, turning to Holt, who was drying his eyes with a handkerchief, "I don't think it's any kinder use takin' all this trouble 'bout me. I'm not going to stay in this school! I've discovered a secret—where a pirate has buried his treasure—and, as I shall shortly be a millionaire, don't think it's necessary to learn any more!"

This speech fairly drove the boys crazy.

They screamed, jumped, roared, rolled on the floor and leaned against one another.

"Oh, gracious!" ejaculated Holt, as he bowed his head on to the table. "That fellow will be the death of me!"

It was some time ere they were composed again, when the major said, in a voice choking with merriment:

"Leave him to me. I dismiss the court-martial."

"That's talk," grinned Clint.

After silence was restored Holt said:

"Corporal Lee, I disrate you to the rank of cadet. What do you mean by saying you will shortly be a millionaire?"

"Wal," he drawled, "I don't know as I'm justified in revealing the secret."

This brought on another convulsion among the cadets.

The major waited until they quieted, then said to the unmoved boy:

"Would it surprise you to learn that your comrades have united to play a trick upon you, in order to cure you of listening and prying?"

"Oh," slyly answered Clinton, "you can't scare me with that story, major."

"Cadet Cottonwood!" said Holt.

The dumb boy grasped his slate and ascended to the platform.

"Who wrote the pirate's confession?" inquired the major.

The lad glanced nervously at his comrade, then wrote:

"I did. I got the story out of the 'Tales of the Buccaneers.'"

"Oh, go long!" murmured Clint, who was beginning to feel a cold sensation creep down his back. "You couldn't make the parchment and the box. I ain't scared worth a cent."

"Cadets," said the major, "I know all about the matter. Your joke is forgiven. Now come forward and convince Cadet Lee. Probably this will cure him."

One by one the lads who had planned and executed the trick ascended the platform, and related their respective parts in the conspiracy.

Instead of this making Clinton feel uncomfortable, as Holt had intended it, he grinned worse than ever, and from time to time ejaculated:

"I want tew know! Dew tell! You don't say!"

When the last boy had described his share in the business Clint laughed, beginning with a slight "he, he!" and ending in a guffaw that, exhausted as they were, set the cadets off again.

This made the major mad.

"Silence!" he roared, banging his fist upon the table.

It did not take long for them to obey him.

"Cadet Lee!" he said, in a grave tone, "you were placed in my charge by your uncle, Mr. Colby, who is desirous of curing your shocking inquisitiveness. You have been guilty of listening to a conversation not intended for your ears. I therefore condemn you to four hours a day on this horse for one week. Attention! right wheel, quick march."

Instead of returning to his seat the boy saluted and respectfully inquired:

"Am I to mount the animal right away, major?"

"Yes!" growled the gentleman. "You are to remain on it until twelve o'clock, and are not to speak during your term of punishment."

The lad once more saluted, then marched straight to the wooden steed and mounted.

At recess he uttered a low chuckle.

"Prisoner," thundered Holt, "explain why you laughed?"

Clinton turned his face toward the speaker, and replied:

"Beg your pardon, major. I couldn't help it. I was thinking how dre'ffle mad Mr. Jarvis will be when he finds out the truth."

"Silence!" once more observed the major, rising and moving in the direction of the door. "You may possibly not find it so easy to explain the matter to him."

"I never thought of *that*," murmured the boy. "Jarvis is fond of cuffing a fellow. He'll have a fit when he hears that document is a joke."

He found "riding the trotter" was very irksome, and was glad enough to be released for dinner.

The day being a half-holiday, he expected to go walking with the cadets; however, to his mortification, he was sent back to the horse, and Toby set to guard him.

At the expiration of half an hour Clinton would have given anything to have been let off.

The sun was shining and the birds were singing, while he was stuck there with the old darkey watching him as a tiger does its victim, added to which he began to fear a visit from the old lawyer.

"I wish I hadn't listened," he murmured. "Uncle was right—it's a mean business. I wonder what Jarvis will say?"

Presently a servant came down the drill-ground from the house.

Clint's heart began to beat.

"Is Cadet Lee here?" said the man, thrusting in his head at an open window.

"He am!" gravely replied Toby. "He's undergoin' de punishment decreed by de major fo' his unconstitutional relapsement ob deportmentability."

"There's a gentleman named Jarvis wishes to see him," continued the other. "He's in a tearing rage, and says he won't wait."

"I can't 'low de prisoner to leab de quadruped," said the negro.

"How long has he to remain?" demanded the man.

Although there was a big clock in the classroom, Toby produced a brass-gilt watch about the size of an ordinary saucer, and after solemnly consulting it, replied:

"Heth's got one hour an' twenty-two an' a quarter minutes mos; den he will be at de gemman's sarvice."

"All right. I'll tell him," responded the messenger. "Perhaps he'd best come down here and wait?"

"Oh, no," began Clinton. "I'd rather he'd——"

"Tsilence, or yo' will hab to remain a quarter ob an hour mos fo' ebbery speech!" sternly observed Toby, who was down on the prisoner for having scared him.

Away went the servant, and presently back he came, followed by Jarvis, who, on entering, said, in a voice tremulous with rage:

"All right. I don't care, so long as I know where he is."

As he spoke he drew a cowhide-whip from his sleeve and threw it upon a desk.

The boy stared at the horse's head, never for an instant glancing toward his visitor.

He *felt* that Jarvis meant mischief.

"I can appreciate inquisitiveness when it is properly directed," hissed the lawyer; "but when it leads an innocent person into buying a lot of worthless land, I get mad."

Still Clint moved not.

"I met the major as I arrived here with my men," continued Jarvis, raising the cowhide and savagely striking the desk. "I know all. This whip is for the rascal who deceived me."

Clinton kept as motionless as a statue, thinking to himself:

"How on earth shall I ever get out of this corner?"

There they sat, Jarvis glowering with anger, Toby, watch in hand, with one eye on the lawyer and the other on his prisoner, and the latter wishing himself ten thousand miles away.

"Tick, tick, tick!" went the clock.

"I'll take a peep at him," thought Clint.

(To be continued.)

"Inquisitive Clinton" was commenced in No. [illegible].

## MAGIC AND MYSTERY.

### The Sportive Egg.

IF you are in good company, and feel disposed to make sport, have ready a little quicksilver in a quill, sealed at both ends with good hard wax; then cause an egg to be boiled, and take off a small bit of the shell of the narrow end, and thrust in your quill of quicksilver, and lay the egg upon the ground. You will have sport enough, for it will never leave tumbling about as long as there is any heat in it. So likewise, if you put quicksilver in a sheep's bladder, and blow it up, and when you have a mind to make sport, then go to the fire and warm the bladder, and fling it on the ground, and it will jump and skip about as if the bladder was bewitched.

### An Artificial Spider.

Take a piece of burnt cork as big as a pea, give it the shape of a spider, make its legs with threads of hemp, put a grain of lead into the cork to give it some weight; then hang this artificial spider by a bit of gray sewing silk (that is not twisted), between two bodies, the one electrified, and the other not; or between two bodies endowed with different electricities. It will go and come between those bodies, and the movements of the legs will be seen as plain as if it were a living spider.

### To Take a Coin out of a Handkerchief.

You must have a curtain-ring the exact size of the coin; at first the coin is put in the handkerchief, but when you take it out again to convince the company that there is no deception, slip the curtain-ring in its stead, and while the person is carefully holding up the handkerchief, and the company's eyes are fixed upon the supposed form of the coin, you seize the opportunity of putting it into a hat or elsewhere. When you get possession of the hat again, you slip away the coin.

### Magical Glass-cutting.

You must have a piece of match-cord well dried; light it, so that it may have a good coat; then take a tumbler, and hold the match to the edge of the glass; have your finger ready wet, and when the glass is quite hot, clap your finger to the hot place, and it will suddenly crack about a quarter of an inch down; then keep the coat of the match the like distance from the end of the crack; and as it follows, so move your hand, and cut it screw-fashion, otherwise it will not hold together till you have it through the bottom, or like waves. When you have done it, and it is cold, as it will be, take it by the foot and turn it downward; it will stretch so that you may put your finger between each cutting; then turn it up again, and you may drink a glass of beer in it, and not spill it then.

### To Tell the Hour by a Suspended Coin.

Sling a coin at the end of a piece of thread by means of a loop; then, resting the elbow on a table, hold the other end of the thread betwixt the fore finger and thumb, observing to let it pass across the ball of the thumb, and thus suspend the coin into an empty goblet. The hand must be perfectly steady, and if it should be found difficult to keep it in an immovable posture, the attempt must be given up. However, supposing the coin to be properly suspended, you will find that when it has recovered its equilibrium, it will, for a moment, remain stationary. It will then of its own accord, and without the least agency from the person holding it, assume the action of a pendulum, vibrating from side to side of the glass, and after a few moments, strike the hour nearest to the time of day or night. It is necessary to observe that the thread should lie over the pulse of the thumb, and this in some measure will account for the vibration of the coin; but to what cause its striking the precise hour is to be traced we know not; for it is no less strange than true, that when it has struck the proper number, its vibration ceases, it acquires a kind of rotatory motion, and at last becomes stationary as before.

## THE DUMMY.

I WAS summoned one morning to the scene of a crime that had just been reported at the station.

The house, which was a large and elegant one, was occupied by a maiden lady of middle age and her companion, a woman of about her own age, and not unlike her both in face and figure.

A few moments' investigation was sufficient to show a brutal murder had been committed, apparently without any motive.

The murdered person was not, as might have been supposed, the lady herself, but her companion.

The odor of chloroform still permeating the apartment, as well as a cloth saturated with the drug found lying upon the pillow, showed that the original intention might not have been murder, but only to render the victim insensible.

That she had awakened before this could be accomplished, and struggled violently with the intruder, was evident from the confusion of the bedclothes and the disorder of her robe, when the deadly blow had been given by a knife or dagger, which, entering her left breast, had pierced the heart, causing instant death.

The assassin had not departed without leaving traces of his means of entrance and flight behind him; but, unfortunately, none of these could be used as a clue against any one in particular.

A skeleton-key, found in the lock of the door of the murdered woman's chamber, and which also opened the street-door, explained everything at once.

Though there was nothing in this fact to trace the actual assassin, one thing was certain—it must have been some one either personally acquainted with the ways of the house or who gained the knowledge from some of the inmates.

On examining the servants I gradually came to the conclusion that they were none of them implicated in the affair in any way.

That it would be worse than foolish for a moment to entertain any suspicion of the lady herself, although they occupied adjoining rooms, was plain to be seen at once.

She appeared quite overcome with grief, and at once offered a reward for the apprehension of the assassin.

The evidence at the inquest brought to light nothing new except one fact.

This was the testimony of the surgeons that the fatal wound was not such as the stab of a common-shaped blade would cause, but resembled that of one used by half-barbaric Eastern nations, and shaped like a flame.

This, however, threw no light upon the perpetrator of the deed, and the jury gave a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown," and I was specially entrusted with the working-up of the case.

The only clue of any kind I held was that of the flame-shaped blade, which, though it might afterward prove of value, at the present time was absolutely useless.

The first thing I had to do was undoubtedly to find some motive for the crime.

What could it be? Had it been the lady of the house herself there could have been one found at once, for she was known to be very wealthy, owning, besides the house in which she lived, property personal and invested.

Could it be possible that the assassin, whoever it was, had murdered the companion, mistaking her for the mistress?

The more I thought over this idea, the more I became impressed with its probability.

Making inquiries in a roundabout way among the servants, I learned a fact that served to strengthen this suspicion.

About a month previously the lady and her companion had exchanged sleeping apartments.

In this case, then, supposing my theory to be correct, it set down the date of the assassin gaining knowledge of the house at more than a month before the date on which the crime was committed; in fact, previous to the time the ladies had changed their rooms.

So far so good; but still, on the other hand, that robbery had not been the object was evident, from everything in the room being untouched and undisturbed.

It might indeed have been that the assassin, when he found out his fatal mistake, had lost his nerve and fled without waiting to secure any valuables, but it was not probable.

Any one who had the requisite cunning and patience to plan the crime, and wait more than a month for its perpetration, was not likely to lose his nerve so easily, and with these thoughts in my mind I jumped at once to another conclusion.

The deed had been done by somebody who hoped to profit by their victim's will.

With this theory, growing stronger the more I reasoned it out, my next move was to find out who were the nearest living relatives of the lady.

I found that beyond distant cousins she had but one, a nephew, who was about twenty-five years old, and was studying for the ministry.

His name was the same as his aunt's, being her only brother's son.

He had the reputation of being the most moral, well-conducted young man, and it was a well-known fact that his aunt intended to make him her sole heir.

Did he ever visit his aunt's?

As I had expected, the answer to this question was in the affirmative, with the added information that the last time he had been there he had staid all night; but a slight quarrel having arisen between his aunt and himself, he had not called for about six weeks.

The last time he had been at the house, therefore, was before the ladies had exchanged bedrooms.

So far as theory went, I had certainly made it evident that the circumstances looked suspicious, but this was by no means proof that he was guilty.

I had never even seen the young man yet, and learning his address, I was at once driven to within a short distance of the house.

The house in which he lived was a detached one in the suburbs of the city, with a garden in front and a vacant piece of ground on either side.

On approaching the front step, I saw a notice announcing furnished rooms to let, and within half an hour I was installed as a lodger.

I soon had an opportunity of seeing the young gentleman I was seeking, and his appearance did not impress me favorably.

His make-up was very plain and simple, befitting a student of divinity, and his clerically-fashioned side-whiskers strove vainly to give a mild expression to his face, which was contradicted by the crafty look in his eyes and unmistakably cruel and sensual expression of his thin lips.

Whatever might be my opinion, however, I found that of the rest of the inmates a most favorable one.

The landlady herself, who was on the shady side of forty, and had evidently once been very pretty, was especially loud in his praises.

He was the nicest lodger she had ever had, she said, but she was afraid he would make himself ill by such close application to study.

"Why, only last Tuesday night," she added, "he never closed an eye, but sat over his books until daylight."

"Last Tuesday night?" I echoed; "did he tell you so?"

"No," she answered, with some little hesitation, "but I could see him through the window."

I can see through a stone wall as well as my neighbors, and was aware at once that this lady had a tender feeling for the handsome young divinity student, and had in her solicitude for his health been watching his window while he was at his studies.

Here, however, seemed a complete overthrow of my theory. Tuesday night was the night of the murder, and here was a perfect *alibi* at once.

If he had been in his own room, occupied with his studies, it was certainly impossible he could be the assassin.

"And can you see him every night through the window?" I asked.

A half smile upon my face as I asked the question caused the lady to flush a little.

"Of course the curtain is drawn," she said, "but one can see he is in the room."

I own I felt discouraged at the sudden toppling over of the structure of supposition I had reared.

However, I would not yet confess myself beaten, and I determined to watch him closely for a few days, at any rate.

The same night, after the whole household had retired, I heard a stealthy step pass along the hall, and the next moment the street-door cautiously open.

Without a moment's loss of time I followed, and just as I reached the step I saw the figure of the student turn out of the garden into the street, and after a hasty glance round him, walk rapidly away.

I had on neither coat nor hat, and it was impossible I could follow him, but a curious fancy coming into my mind, I went into the street and looked over to the window of his room.

As I had expected, the light was burning, and through the window-blind could be seen the shadow of a man bending in a studious attitude over a table covered with books.

Here was a seeming mystery, but it did not make me hesitate a moment as to the course I should pursue.

Returning to the house, I went to my own room and procuring my master key, proceeded to that of my divinity student.

A made-up figure was placed in a chair before the table in such a way as to throw the shadow on to the blind.

Here was a complete refutal of the *alibi* at once, and searching among his trunks and drawers, I found an ivory-hilted East Indian dagger with a blade shaped like a flame.

There could now remain little doubt of his guilt, but I determined not to be precipitate.

Leaving everything as I had found it in the room, with the exception of the dagger, which I took with me, I again locked the door and returned to my room.

The next day I secured the services of a brother-detective, and about midnight we took our position in the shadow of an alleyway on the opposite side of the street and waited for our man to appear.

We had not long to wait before, as on the previous evening, he came out of the door through the garden and walked rapidly down the street.

Waiting a few moments, my companion and I crossed the street and followed him.

Glancing up at the window, I could see the light burning brightly, and the figure bending over the books.

Our man walked at a rapid pace in the direction of the river.

A quarter of an hour of fast walking brought him to a pier piled with lumber of all descriptions, from the shadow of which a man emerged, and the two were soon engaged in conversation.

Some minutes elapsed before we could crawl along in the shadow of the lumber near enough to hear their words, though, from their animated gestures, they appeared to be quarreling.

"I tell you it must be done!" the man who had been waiting was saying just as we got within ear-reach. "It was your stupidity ruined the job, and the least you can do now is to repair it. I am not going to keep the secret of a murder for nothing—and a thousand pounds is better than nothing."

"Hush!" the other entreated; "you may be overheard. I will do it, but it will take time. I will have to make up with the old woman, and find out her sleeping-room, so as to make sure this time."

"Well, you had better look sharp about it," the first speaker said, "for I will not stand any fooling. It must be done this week or I will go straight and have you arrested."

While this dialogue had been going on my companion and I had been creeping closer and closer to the speakers, until now we sprang from our place of concealment, and each seizing one of them by the throat, pressed the muzzle of a revolver against his forehead.

"We will save you the trouble," I said. "You both are our prisoners!"

So completely were they taken by surprise that neither of them offered the least resistance.

In less time than it takes to tell it the handcuffs were upon their wrists, and in less than half an hour we had them safely at the station.

They were committed for trial, and by the time it came off, so clear a case was made out against them that any defense was useless.

The accomplice offered to give evidence, but it availed him nothing, and he received a sentence of twenty years, while the assassin himself suffered the death-penalty for his fruitless crime.

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## BURMESE TRAP.

THE bottom of an earthen or stoneware vessel is covered with corn or other attractive bait. A hole large enough to allow a mouse to pass through is punched through the sides, which may be readily done with a spike or nail and a mallet. The vessel is buried near the entrance of a mouse-hole, and one of the most effectual, and certainly one of the cheapest and simplest, of traps is complete. The mice, attracted by the trap, enter, but cannot get out. The trap is always set, never out of order, and will answer, if the hole is made large enough, for moles or rats as well as mice.

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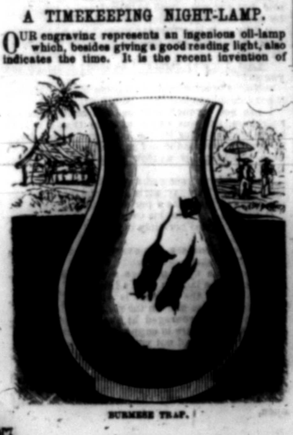
## A TIMEKEEPING NIGHT-LAMP.

OUR engraving represents an ingenious oil-lamp which, besides giving a good reading light, also indicates the time. It is the recent invention of Monsieur Henri Behn, a Frenchman, and can be obtained in Paris.

The bottom of the lamp is the oil-can, and above it projects two upright glass tubes, as shown. The left tube contains some oil, and is graduated with a scale of hours; it is therefore a timekeeper. The tube on the right supports the oiled wick and burner; it is, therefore, the light-giver. A reflector inclined below the flame throws a luminous beam across the graduated tube, and reveals the hour at which the level of the oil, which in this case is the clock-hand, is for the moment standing. The lamp is so arranged that an hour is required for it to consume the amount of oil contained between two graduations of the scale.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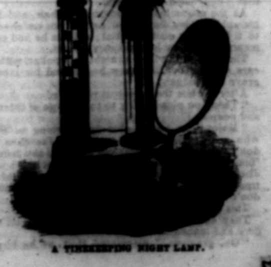
A TIMEKEEPING NIGHT LAMP.

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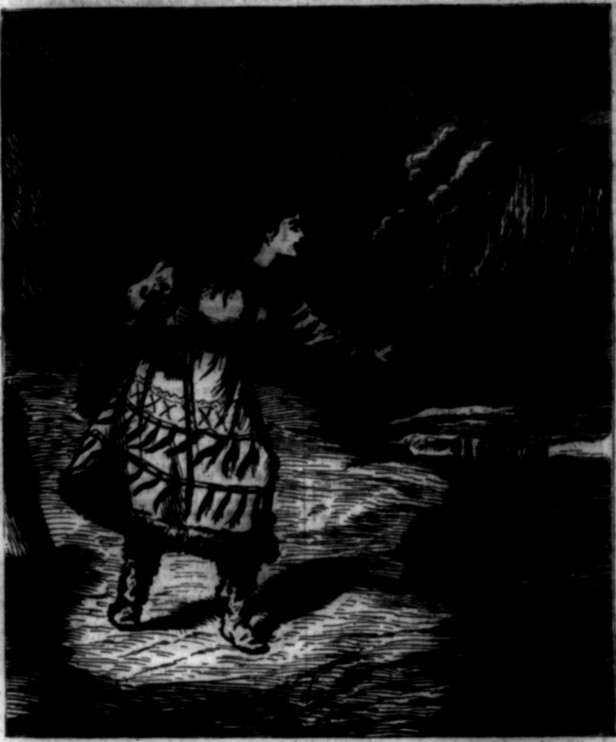

ANNINGAIT AND AJUT.

## ANNINGAIT AND AJUT.

OF the happiness and misery of our present state part arises from our sensations and part from our opinions; part is distributed by Nature, and part is in a great measure apportioned by ourselves. Positive pleasure we cannot always obtain, and positive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantation the fragrance of the Indian groves; nor will any precepts of philosophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diseases. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the pressure of sufferings, but the absence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reason.

One of the great arts for escaping superfluous uneasiness is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy as not to see, every day, beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

No inconvenience is less superable by art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exercise for this philosophical abstraction. A native of England, pinched with the frosts of December, may lessen his affection for his own country by suffering his imagination to wander in the vales of Asia, and sport among the woods that are always green, and streams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts toward the polar regions, and considers the nations to whom a greater portion of the year is darkness, and who are condemned to pass weeks and months amidst mountains of snow, he will soon recover his tranquillity; and while he stirs his fire, or throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to Providence that he is not placed in Greenland or Siberia.

The barrenness of the earth and the severity of the skies in those dreary countries are such as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of necessity and distress, so that the care of escaping death from cold and hunger should leave no room for those passions which, in lands of plenty, influence conduct or diversify characters; the Summer should be spent only in providing for the Winter, and the Winter in longing for the Summer.

Yet learned curiosity is known to have found its way into those abodes of poverty and gloom: Lapland and Iceland have their historians, their critics and their poets; and Love, that extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found, perhaps exerts the same power in the Greenlander's hut as in the palaces of Eastern monarchs.

In one of the large caves to which the families of Greenland retire together to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages, or cities, a youth and a maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants Anningait and Ajut, from a supposed resemblance to their ancestors of the same names, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

Anningait for some time heard the praises of Ajut with little emotion, but at last, by frequent interviews, became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection by inviting her with her parents to a feast, where he placed before Ajut the tail of a whale. Ajut seemed not much delighted with this gallantry; yet, however, from that time was observed rarely to appear but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer; she used frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress, and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon Anningait that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise, in which, among other heroic and tender sentiments, he protested that "She was beautiful as the vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme upon the mountains; that her fingers were white as the teeth of the morse, and her smile grateful as the dissolution of the ice; that he would pursue her, though she should pass the snows of the midland cliffs, or seek shelter in the caves of the eastern cannibals; that he would tear her from the embraces of the genius of the rocks, snatch her from the paws of Amaroc, and rescue her from the ravine of Haigufa." He concluded with a wish that, "whoever shall attempt to hinder his union with Ajut might be buried without his bow, and that in the land of souls his skull might serve for no other use than to catch the droppings of the starry lamps."

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would soon yield to such fervor and accomplishments; but Ajut, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship; and before she would confess herself conquered, the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labor called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signalizing his courage; he attacked the sea-horses on the ice; pursued the seals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence less to accumulate all that could be necessary to make Winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fishes, and the flesh of seals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride; he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast before Anningait had completed his store; he therefore entreated Ajut that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to such condescension, but proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of the Summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities.

"Oh, virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the water, consider," said Anningait, "what thou hast required. How easily may my return be precluded by a sudden frost or unexpected fogs; then must the night be passed without my Ajut. We live not, my fair, in those fabled countries which lying strangers so wantonly describe; where the whole year is divided into short days and nights; where the same habitation serves for Summer and Winter; where they raise houses in rows above the ground dwell together from year to year, with flocks of tame animals grazing in the fields about them; can travel at any time from one place to another, through ways inclosed with trees, or over walls raised upon the inland waters, and direct their course through wide countries by the sight of green hills or scattered buildings. Even in Summer we have no means of crossing the mountains, whose snows are never dissolved; nor can we remove to any distant residence but in our boats coasting the bays. Consider, Ajut; a few Summer days and a few Winter nights, and the life of man is at an end. Night is the time of ease and festivity, of revels and gayety; but what will be the flaming lamp, the delicious seal or the soft oil without the smile of Ajut?"

The eloquence of Anningait was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promises to meet again before the night of Winter.

Anningait, however discomposed by the dilatory coyness of Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no tokens of amorous respect, and therefore presented her at his departure with the skins of seven white fawns, of five swans, and eleven seals, with three marble lamps, ten vessels of seal-oil, and a large kettle of brass, which he had purchased from a ship at the price of half a whale and two horns of sea-unicorns.

Ajut was so much affected by the fondness of her lover, or so much overpowered by his magnificence, that she followed him to the seaside, and when she saw him enter the boat, wished aloud that he might return with plenty of skins and oil; that neither the mermaids might snatch him into the deep, nor the spirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She stood a while to gaze upon the departing vessel, and then returning to her hut, silent and dejected, laid aside from that hour her white deerskin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavored to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gather moss for the Winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of Anningait. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her she made a fishing-coat, a small boat and tent, all of exquisite manufacture; and while she was thus busied, solaced her labors with a song, in which she prayed "that her lover might have hands stronger than the paws of the bear, and feet swifter than the feet of the reindeer; that his dart might never err, and that his boat might never leak; that he might never stumble on the ice, nor faint in the water; that the seal might rush on his harpoon, and the wounded whale might dash the waves in vain."

The large boats in which the Greenlanders transport their families are always rowed by women, for a man will not debase himself by work which requires neither skill nor courage. Anningait was therefore exposed by idleness to the ravages of passion. He went thrice to the stern of the boat with an intent to leap into the water and swim back to his mistress; but recollecting the misery which they must endure in the Winter, without oil for the lamp or skins for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks of absence in provision for a night of plenty and felicity. He then composed his emotions as he could, and expressed in wild numbers and uncouth images his hopes, his sorrows and his fears.

"Oh, life," says he, "frail and uncertain! where shall wretched man find thy resemblance but in ice floating on the ocean? It towers on high, it sparkles from afar, while the storms drive and the waters beat it, the sun melts it above and the rocks shatter it below. What art thou, deceitful pleasure, but a sudden blaze beaming from the North, which plays a moment on the eye, mocks the traveler with the hopes of light, and then vanishes for ever? What, Love, art thou but a whirlpool, which we approach without knowledge of our danger, drawn on by imperceptible degrees, till we have lost all power of resistance and escape? Till I fixed my eyes on the graces of Ajut, while I had yet not called her to the banquet, I was careless as the sleeping morse, I was merry as the singers in the stars. Why, Ajut, did I gaze upon thy graces? Why, my fair, did I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my love, remember Anningait, and meet my return with the smile of virginity. I will chase the deer, I will subdue the whale, resistless as the frost of darkness, and unwearied as the Summer sun. In a few weeks I shall return prosperous and wealthy; then shall the roefish and the porpoise feast thy kindred; the fox and hare shall cover thy couch; the hide of the seal shall shelter thee from cold, and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwelling."

Anningait having with these sentiments consoled his grief and animated his industry, found that they had now coasted the headland, and saw the whales spouting at a distance. He therefore placed himself in his fishing-boat, called his associates to their several employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chase and fishery, suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the meantime, notwithstanding her neglected dress, happened, as she was drying some skins in the sun, to catch the eye of Norngsuk, on his return from hunting. Norngsuk was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in childbirth, and his father, the most expert fisher of Greenland, had perished by too close pursuit of the whale.

His dignity was equaled by his riches; he was master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his Winter habitation, and five-and-twenty seals buried in the snow against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and soon after presented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refused his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngsuk, thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would consult an Angekkok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated Angekkok of that part of the country, and by a present of two seals and a marble kettle, obtained a promise that when Ajut should consult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of souls.

Ajut, in a short time, brought him a coat made by herself, and inquired what events were to befall her, with assurances of a much larger reward at the return of Anningait if the prediction should flatter her desires. The Angekkok knew the way to riches, and foretold that Anningait, having already caught two whales, would soon return home with a large boat laden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret; and Norngsuk, depending upon his artifice, renewed his addresses with greater confidence; but finding his suit still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises.

The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlander; they forgot the merit and the presents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngsuk. She entreated, she remonstrated, she wept and raved; but finding riches irresistible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon such berries as she could gather, and the birds or hares which she had the fortune to ensnare, taking care, at an hour when she was not likely to be found, to view the sea every day, that her lover might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the great boat in which Anningait had departed stealing slow and heavily laden along the coast. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her constancy and sufferings. When the company reached the land they informed her that Anningait, after the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on the shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavored to comfort her; but when at last they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach, where, finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and telling those who wondered at her rashness that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion that they were changed into stars, others imagine that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay from which the hapless maid departed, and when a Greenlander would praise any couple for virtuous affection he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut.

## OSBORNE'S LEAP.

OLD London Bridge is a favorite theme of stories and legends, some quaint, some ghastly, some romantic. The first London Bridge is attributed to the daughter of John Overs, who rented of the city a ferry across the Thames at this spot, and thus grew rich, by which means his daughter was enabled to construct the church and the bridge, whilst Overs lost his life by his own covetousness. Though he kept several servants and apprentices, he was of so parsimonious a soul that, notwithstanding he possessed an estate equal to that of the best alderman of London, acquired by unceasing labor, frugality and industry, yet his habit and his dwelling were both strangely expressive of the most miserable poverty.

He had an only daughter, "of a beautiful aspect," says the tract, "and a pious disposition, whom he had care to see well and liberally educated, though at the cheapest rate; and yet so that when she grew ripe and mature for marriage, he would suffer no man of what condition or quality soever, by his goodwill, to have any sight of her, much less access to her.

A young gallant, however, who seems to have thought more of being the ferryman's heir than his son-in-law, took the opportunity, while he was engaged at the ferry, to be admitted into her company. "The first interview," says the story, "pleased well; the second better; the third concluded the match between them."

"In all this long interim the poor, silly, rich old ferryman, not dreaming of any such passages, but thinking all things to be as secure by land as he knew they were by water," continued his former wretched and penurious course of life. To save the expense of one day's food in his family he formed a scheme to feign himself dead for twenty-four hours, in the vain expectation that his servants would, out of propriety, fast until after the funeral. Having procured his daughter's consent to this plot, even against her better nature, he was put into a sheet, and stretched out in his chamber, having one taper burning at his head and another at his feet, according to the custom of the time. When, however, his servants were informed of his decease, instead of lamenting they were overjoyed, and having danced round the body, they broke open his larder and fell to banqueting.

The ferryman bore all this as long and as much like a dead man as he was able, "but when he could endure it no longer," says the tract, "stirring and struggling in his sheet, like a ghost with a candle in each hand, he purposed to rise up and rate 'em for their sauciness and boldness; when one of them, thinking that the devil was about to rise in his likeness, being in a great amaze, catched hold of the butt-end of a broken oar which was in the chamber, and being a sturdy knave, thinking to kill the devil at the first blow, actually struck out his brains." It is added that the servant was acquitted, and the ferryman made accessory to the cause of his own death.

The estate of Overs then fell to his daughter, and her lover, hearing of it, hastened up from the country; but, in riding post, his horse stumbled, and he broke his neck on the highway. The young heiress was almost distracted at these events, and was recalled to her faculties only by having to provide for her father's interment, for he was not permitted to have Christian burial, being considered as an excommunicated man on account of his extortions, usury and truly miserable life. The Friars of Bermondsey Abbey were, however, prevailed upon by money, their abbot being then away, to give a little earth to the remains of the wretched ferryman. But, upon the abbot's return, observing a grave which had been recently covered in, and learning who lay there, he was not only angry with his monks for having done such an injury to the church for the sake of gain, but he also had the body taken up again, laid on the back of his own ass, and turning the animal out of the abbey gates, desired of God that he might carry him to some place where he best deserved to be buried.

The ass proceeded with a gentle and solemn pace through Kent Street, and along the highway to the small pound once called St. Thomas-a-Waterings, then the common place of execution, and shook off the ferryman's body directly under the gibbet, where it was put into the ground without any kind of ceremony.

Mary Overs, extremely distressed by such a host of troubles, and desirous to be free from the numerous suitors for her hand and fortune, resolved to retire into a cloister, which she shortly afterward did, having first provided for the building of the Church of Saint Mary Overies, which commemorates her name.

The narrowness of the bridge-arches so contracted the channel of the river as to cause a rapid, and to pass through them was termed to "shoot the bridge," a peril taken advantage of by suicides. Thus, in 1689, Sir William Temple's only son, lately made secretary of war, leaped into the river from a boat as it darted through an arch; he had filled his pockets with stones, and was drowned, leaving in the boat this note:

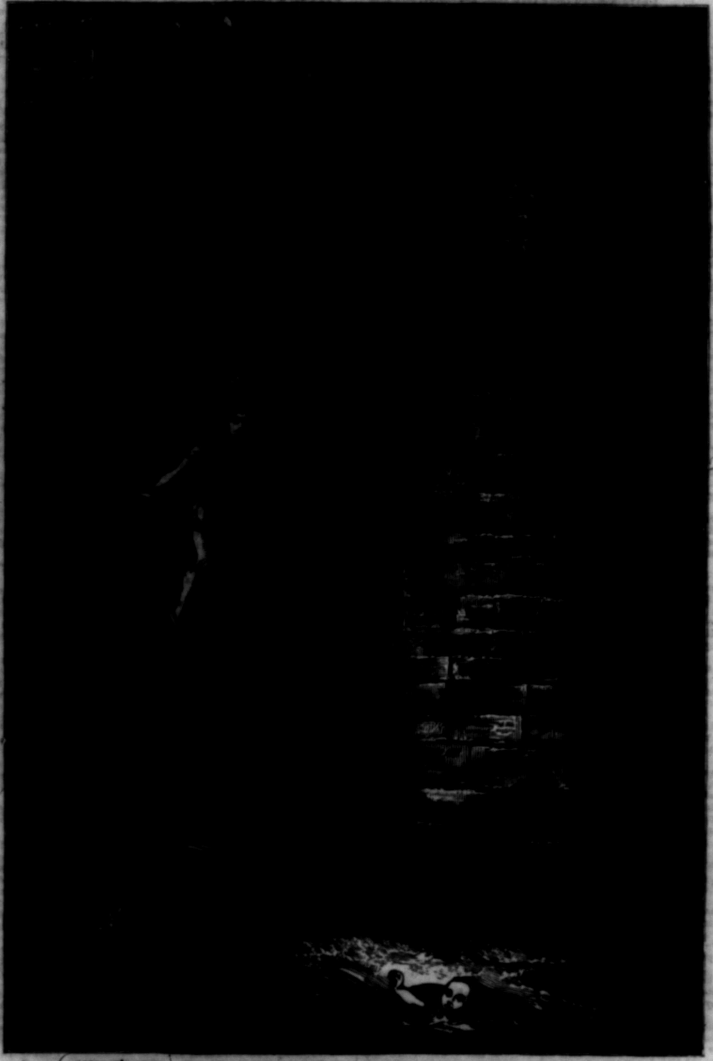
"My folly in undertaking what I could not perform, whereby some misfortunes have befallen the king's service, is the cause of my putting myself to this sudden end; I wish him success in all his undertakings, and a better servant."

In 1737 Eustace Budgell, a *soi-disant* cousin of Addison, and who wrote in the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, when broken down in character and reduced to poverty, took a boat at Somerset Stairs, and ordering the boatman to row down the river, Budgell threw himself into the stream as they shot London Bridge. He, too, had filled his pockets with stones, and rose no more; he left in his secretary a slip of paper, on which was written a broken distich:

"What Cato did and Addison approved cannot be wrong."

This is a wicked sophism; there being as little resemblance between the cases of Budgell and Cato as there is reason for considering Addison's "Cato" written in defense of suicide.

Of a healthier complexion is the anecdote of Edward Osborne, in 1536, leaping into the Thames from the window of one of the bridge-houses, and saving his master's infant daughter, dropped by a nursemaid into the stream. The father, Sir William Hewet, was Lord Mayor in 1559, and gave this daughter in marriage to Osborne, whose great-grandson became the first Duke of Leeds.



OSBORNE'S LEAP.—EDWARD OSBORNE LEAPING FROM LONDON BRIDGE TO SAVE HIS EMPLOYER'S CHILD.

## CHRISTMAS GAMES.

### The Postman.

THIS exciting game may be played by an unlimited number, and is particularly adapted for a large party.

One of the players, called the "postman," has his eyes bandaged, as in blind-man's-buff, another volunteers to fill the office of "postmaster-general," and all the rest seat themselves round the room.

At the commencement of the game the postmaster assigns to each player the name of a town, and if the players are numerous, he writes the names given to them on a slip of paper, in case his memory should fail him. These preliminaries having been arranged, the blind postman is placed in the middle of the room, and the postmaster-general retires to some snug corner, whence he can overlook the other players. When this important functionary calls out the names of the towns, thus:

"London and Dover."

The players who bear these names must immediately change seats, and as they run from one side of the room to the other, the postman tries to capture them.

If the postmaster can succeed in catching one of the players, or if he can manage to sit down on an empty chair, the player that is caught, or excluded from his seat, becomes postman. The postmaster-general is not changed throughout the game, unless he gets tired of his office.

When a player remains seated after his name has been called he must pay a forfeit, or if the game is played without forfeit he must go to the bottom of the class, which is represented by a particular chair, and to make room for him all the players who were formerly below him shift their places.

### Puss in the Corner.

Four players take their stations in the four corners of a room, and a fifth called "Puss" places himself in the middle of it; the players in the corners then change places by running to the opposite ends, and Puss must endeavor to get into one of the vacant places before the opposite player is able to reach it; if he can do so, the player left becomes puss.

### Walk, Moon, Walk.

This may be played by any number of boys, who all tie knots in one corner of their pocket-handkerchiefs, and then toss up to see who shall be "Moon"; the loser is the one to whom the part falls, and he must be blindfolded. "Moon" now stands with his legs stretched apart, while his playmates go behind him in succession, and jerk their handkerchiefs between his legs, as far as they can, and in whatsoever direction they please. When all the boys have done this, one of them cries, "Walk, Moon, walk!" which is the signal for the blindfolded player to walk forward until he treads upon one of the handkerchiefs, when, in an instant, the other players pick up their knotted handkerchiefs, with which they belabor the unlucky owner of the one trodden upon by "Moon," as he runs a distant base and back, after which he becomes "Moon," and the game continues as before.

## THE CHAMELEON.

DOCTOR BACHELER, of India, has been keeping a family of chameleons, and watching their curious habits. The chameleon does not change its color always to match its surroundings, but its power to hide itself by a change of form is no less wonderful. In a normal state of rest, the color is a light pea-green, at times blending with yellow. The least excitement causes transverse stripes to appear running across the back, and nearly encircling the body. These stripes occupy about the same amount of space as the groundwork, and are most susceptible to change of color. At first they become deeply green, and, if the excitement continues, gradually change to black. When placed upon a tree, the groundwork becomes a deep green, and the stripes a deeper green or black, and so long as they remain on the trees, the color does not change. Placed on the scarlet leaves of the dracæna, and among the red flowers of the acacia, no change was observed. But its changes of shape are still more remarkable. Sometimes it assumes the form of a disconsolate mouse sitting in a corner; again, with back curved and tail erect, it resembles a crouching lion, which no doubt gave origin to its name, chamaileon, or ground lion. By inflating its sides it flattens its belly, and viewed from below takes the form of an ovate leaf. The tail is the petiole, while a white serrated line, which runs from nose to tip of tail over the belly, becomes the leaf's mid-rib. Still, again throwing out the air, it draws in its side, and at the same time expands itself upward and downward till it becomes as thin as a knife, and then viewed from the side it has the form of an ovate leaf, which lacks a mid-rib, but the serrated line of the belly and the serrated back simulate the serrated edges of a leaf. When thus expanded, it has also the power to sway itself so as to present an edge to an observer, thus greatly adding to its means of concealment. Half a dozen chameleons placed in a small tree, not three feet in diameter across the top, are very difficult to discover, although one is certain that they must be there. Doctor Bacheler used to tie bits of scarlet wool to their loins to make them visible. Concealment like this is practiced by a number of the common American caterpillars, but its higher organization makes the fact in the chameleon far more curious.

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DOLLS.—Dolls are quite an institution in Japan. They look very much like real babies and children. Besides playing with the dolls at New Year's time, and any other when they choose, there are two days set apart in April for what is called a "Doll's Festival," and all the girls, and even women, make a great time of it. They take them out to walk and visit and get new dresses for them, and treat them just as tenderly as if they were live children. It seems strange to us for women to do this, but the poor Japanese women have a very aimless life, and playing with dolls is about as harmless a way for them to get pleasure as they could find, so long as they are satisfied with it.

## WIN-KI, THE TARTAR WITCH.

IN the kingdom dependent on the Emperor of China dwelt an old king whose life would have been one of content and happiness but for this unfortunate circumstance—as the sun is darkened by occasional clouds and sunshine, so is the life of man—and the cloud that obscured the happiness of this old king was the young prince, his son, who, to say the least of it, was too wild to be called respectable.

'Tis nothing but proper that some allowance should be permitted to youth, but when that youth kicks over the traces and becomes careless and reckless, all that allowance ends.

And so it was with this young prince; so much so, that the old king, his father, made up his mind to act at once with decision; but the question with the old gentleman was what decision to come to.

He thought of sending him to the army, but as all China was at peace with all the world, such a position would only make matters worse.

The law!

He was bad enough, but his royal father thought he was too good for a lawyer.

Physic!

But he feared he would kill more patients than the usual average.

For painting he lacked patience.

For music he had no ear.

There was but one chance that offered the slightest opportunity of checking the young man's career, and that was:

Marriage!

It is without question that so many wild young men have been so perfectly tamed by the above system that there didn't appear to the old king a better plan, and so he decided at once, and his decision was that his son should marry.

The old gentleman had made up his mind, but how about the young gentleman?

Not that it was of the slightest consequence, for the despotic rule is paramount in China.

The power that is has the power to do as it pleases, and against this there is no appeal.

Now on the confines of his father's dominions dwelt an old woman—not that old women were scarce in the kingdom, for they abounded both in court and city; but she was an exception to the general rule of old women.

She was clever upon the average, the others were not. Her name was Win-Ki, and she was a witch, very good, but very ugly.

Prince Kwang-See had heard that she was one to whom all in trouble and distress found a friend and adviser, and to her he determined to go.

So with one faithful attendant, and with his father's I'm sorry to say I can't call it a "blessing"—the prince set forth.

After traveling many days without meeting with any particular adventure, they were benighted in the midst of a dark forest, with the uncomfortable prospect of passing the night in it, for they had lost their way.

"Hook-Wang," said Kwang-See, "our present prospect is by no means agreeable."

"I perfectly agree with you," said Hook-Wang.

"What's to be done?" said the prince.

"Get out of it, prince," said Hook-Wang.

"But how?"

With a sudden exclamation of surprise, Hook-Wang called his master's attention to a flickering light, that danced before their eyes for some moments, and at length setting steadily in one spot, revealed to them a white stone.

"A white stone!" exclaimed the prince Kwang-See; "I understand it. We are on the path that leads to the dwelling of Win-Ki, the witch, the very lady I seek."

"She is the sort of companion I should be the last to seek," said Hook-Wang; "I trust I shall be excused, my prince, from forming one of the party."

"I go alone," said Kwang-See.

"You are quite old enough to do that now, my lord."

"Let me look to my directions," said Kwang-See, and taking a tablet from his pocket, he read the following:

"Strike the white stone three times, and you will be admitted to the dwelling of Win-Ki, the witch."

The prince, tearing a branch from an adjoining tree, struck the white stone thrice.

At the third stroke an alcove seemed to open to the view of Kwang-See, and Hook-Wang, lighted by a faint blue flame, showing at the end of the alcove, a rude hovel, the dwelling of the witch.

"The object of my wishes," said Kwang-See.

"The reverse of mine," said Hook-Wang.

"There lies my path," said Kwang-See, pointing to the hovel.

"There's mine," said Hook-Wang, pointing the opposite way.

"I do not wish you to accompany me," said the prince; "I will not have it so."

"A good servant in all obeys his master. I wouldn't thrust my services on you, sir, for all the world."

"I go alone," said the prince.

"However great the sacrifices on my part, you shall be obeyed, my prince."

"Enough," said Kwang-See, and, as he disappeared down the avenue, Hook-Wang, with a look of more sorrow than regret, made his way further into the forest.

Win-Ki, the witch, was not at all particular as to her residence—it would not come under the denomination of a comfortable villa of the present day, but it was entirely to her own taste, as the end was answered as far as she was concerned.

The abode of the witch was evidently hewn out of the solid rock, beneath which it was built, the only apparent opening was a sort of window, through which the moonlight fell, its beams lighting all around.

A wood fire was burning on a rude hearth. On a block of stone, chiseled into something like the form of a chair, sat the witch, in her hand a black wand, which she employed in stirring a caldron placed on the fire.

The usual companions also crouched at her feet.

A black cat with peculiar red eyes; an elf of the caliban breed, was sleeping near her, and as she stirred the potion in the caldron she muttered to herself the following words, as if working some required incantation:

"Moonlight glimmers,
The mixture simmers,
I give, I take,
To brew and bake.
Round, round, round, round,
Above in air, below in ground
Hear me,
Be near me,
And your mistress obey."

The form that lay crouched on the floor of the hovel crawled to the feet of the witch, and muttering incoherent sounds, seemed to solicit mercy.

"You solicit my mercy? What have you done to deserve it? Your career of mischief to mankind I have by my art controlled, and if I should grant the mercy you ask it would be but to let you loose again to work your malice and your mischief," said Win-Ki.

In abject humility the elf again essayed to win the goodwill of the witch.

At length she seemed inclined to grant the request, and said:

"Well, take human form and face,
Lest your mistress you disgrace."

She touched him with her wand, and a form of slight and symmetrical build stood before her, bent in gratitude and thankfulness.

"Go," said Win-Ki, "the world is before you; but take this caution: If you cease to work good where you have before worked evil, and return to your former courses, my power shall again throw you into your monster form and durance. Remember, you are relieved to work only good to mankind. Now do this, and do it well; show to me you have assisted those that need assistance, and I, in the end, will give you freedom and restore you again to the world of spirits from which you have wandered—nay, more, I will grant you speech. Not too much talking; all the talking I shall reserve for myself. All the words I grant you to say are these:

'In and out,
Come and go,
Trust and doubt,
Yes and no.'

Do you thank me for all this?" said the witch.

"Yes," said her *protégé*.

"That you will act evil I have some——"

"Doubt," said the sprite.

"How can I be certain of you?" said Win-Ki.

"Trust," said he.

"If you fail, remember, I shall insist that you——"

"Come in."

"What do you now desire," said the witch, "to do?"

"Go out."

Win-Ki nodded in compliance, and with a bending head the sprite dashed through the window of the dwelling and disappeared.

"I have let him go, for I feel I need his aid to help and watch the action of Prince Kwang-See."

A knocking was heard from outside, and the witch said to herself:

"Ah, this is the very young gentleman I was speaking about. It will scarcely add to my reputation for the world to know that I was *tête-à-tête* with such a lady-killer as the Prince Kwang See. Come in."

She then crouched in her chair, and seemed to the prince when he entered in a deep sleep.

"Ah! there she is, and asleep," said Kwang-See; "too often the case with friends. Sleeping when you want them. Alas! this world is full of——"

"Rogues—sad rogues!" said Win-Ki, apparently in her sleep.

"She is dreaming of me. I wonder if in her dreams she dreams that I want to get the better of——"

"An old woman," said Win-Ki.

"Oh, I can't stand any more of her dreams; they are getting libelous. Mother, good mother!"

Win-Ki, waking up from her assumed sleep, said:

"Whenever I dream of empty eggs, I am sure to meet some one or something as empty as the eggs I have dreamt of. Ah! prince, is it you?—welcome! How do you do?—how do you do?"

"Well, as the world goes, mother, and should be better," said the prince.

"Ah, I know you should be better. I am satisfied you can't be much worse. I know what you have come for," said the witch.

"My father insists upon my marrying, and has banished me the court until I bring to him a damsel every way worthy to be his daughter-in-law," said the prince.

"Ah! I see then you have come to offer me your hand and heart," said the witch.

"You are joking, mother," said the prince.

"Well, maybe I am, but my art has told me what you want, and you shall have it," said Win-Ki."

"Where and how?" said the prince.

"Where shall be my care?" said Win-Ki. "I know your general habits, and I blush to say I do. I know you to be a general lover. But I think I can find a woman whose sense and beauty are certain to fix your wayward fancy."

"I wish you could find a way to fix all this without the fixture of a wife."

"Ah, you'll change your mind when *you've seen* the lady," said Win-Ki.

"Maybe the lady will change her mind when she sees me, and reject me," said the prince.

"I'll take care she doesn't do that," said Win-Ki. "Now away, it's getting broad daylight, and persons may be coming this way; and if they saw us go together they might be censorious. Go—go!"

"But you have——"

"Said all I've got to say. Go!"

Finding that Win-Ki would say no more the prince paid his compliments and departed.

The witch, left alone, communed with herself after this fashion:

"Fickle as is the heart of this young fellow, my skill tells me that though he has flirted with many, its real affection when it comes to the test, will be found centred in the remembrance of Hi Ho. Well, well; we shall see, we shall see!"

In another part of the kingdom stood a building of moderate pretentions, occupied by three female cousins, of which the youngest, called Hi-Ho, was the most beautiful, and at the same time the most sensible.

Rather an unusual event, for it isn't always that sense accompanies beauty.

Now, to these three ladies our friend Kwang-See, under an assumed name and at different times, had made love.

These three girls had been friends from childhood, and were made orphans in one day by an earthquake that had nearly buried the whole city.

After this sad event they had all agreed to live together, and had promised that neither should marry till all three had found husbands.

Outside the dwelling of these ladies stood Win-Ki the witch, attended by the sprite she had liberated.

"Ah, well a day, well a day! What a pity all my magic can't make me young again. I'm weary working for others' good. I promised the prince a good wife, and he must have one. And I've promised myself some sport amongst these ladies here. Two of them I'm inclined to——"

"Doubt," said her attendant sprite, Zim-Zim.

"I think in Hi-Ho, for she is as good as she is beautiful, I may——"

"Trust," said the sprite.

"I do," said Win-Ki, "to both her and you. You to help and aid me in my work. Do it well, and I will give you your promised freedom and recompense. You wish for it?"

"Yes," replied the sprite.

"And you will not fail to work the good I ask you?"

"No," said Zim-Zim.

"'Tis well. Take this cap, it will render you invisible to mortal eyes. Watch her I would serve; cross the purposes of those who would do her evil. Now away, whilst I, in apparent sleep, wait my opportunity to test the principles and tempers of the three ladies."

With a graceful air the sprite placed on his head the cap, and at once disappeared from view, whilst the witch, seeking a garden chair beneath a bending willow tree, sank seemingly into a deep sleep as the cousins Hi-Ho, Long-Chin, and Quang-Tung came from the house.

As they came toward the spot where the witch was sleeping, Long-Chin exclaimed, with a look of much scorn and contempt:

"Did you ever see anything so ugly?"

"As what?" said Hi-Ho.

"As that old hag sleeping there," pointing to the place where the witch sat crouched in the chair.

"I could never see anything ugly in age at all. It looks to me as if commanding reverence and respect."

"Did you ever see such a nose and chin?" said Quang-Tung.

"Observe rather her silver locks, like snow gracing some evergreen; do you not hope to live till you are old?" said Hi-Ho.

"I, for one, do," said Long-Chin.

"And will you like to be reproached with the Autumnal fading of your present beauty? will you expect to be laughed at because you are old? If you do, you will only by anticipation deride yourself," said Hi-Ho.

"But she is asleep and hears me not," said the cousin.

"The sun is strong upon her face. I will spread the branches of the willow so as to protect her from its burning beams."

As Hi-Ho approached Win-Ki she opened her eyes, and addressed the cousin thus:

"Thanks, thanks. I have been dreaming, dreaming of two lizards and a lady-bird."

"Well, I never!" said Quang-Tung.

Win-Ki now said to the damsels who had gathered round her, with some curiosity and expectation:

"You've heard to-day, ladies, the king has called to his court all the fair ladies of the kingdom, to pick and choose one for his son, the Prince Kwang-See.

"Now I have by me three magic girdles that have the power to add to the beauties of the wearers of them. You have been kind to me in your proffered attention! I will give one to each. Choose for yourselves," continued the witch.

Win-Ki drew from her dress three girdles, two most resplendently adorned with jewels, and one as plain as the others were ornamental.

"Oh," said Long-Chin, taking the richest of the girdles, "I shall choose this."

"And I, this," said Quang-Tung, securing the other jeweled girdle.

"Which will you have?" said Win-Ki to Hi-Ho.

"There doesn't seem much choice in the matter," replied the damsel, taking the plain girdle; "this to me seems unassumingly modest; and as I have no wish to gain a royal marriage, this will do me to go to court with."

"You do quite right," observed the witch. "Put on that girdle; never lose it, simple as it is. It is often that the smallest things produce the greatest effects."

With this the witch took her leave of the ladies, and departed, leaving them in wonder and astonishment.

"Well, I declare," said Long-Chin, "she is generous as she's ugly."

"And you as ungrateful as you are beautiful," said Hi-Ho.

"Well," said Long-Chin, "I am perfectly satisfied. I will leave you to prove your gratitude to the old woman, whilst Quang-Tung and I dress and prepare for the presentation."

With this, both the cousins hurried off, leaving Hi-Ho alone, who seemed suddenly oppressed by her loneliness, for she sighed deeply. At this moment Kwang-See rapidly approached her, and touched her on the shoulder.

She started round and said:

"Foo-Chow!"

"Your devoted," said the prince, "to——"

"My two cousins," said the lady.

"No, to you, and you only."

"You've said that to all of us at different times; there's no believing you. You swore you loved me."

"I do," said he, "and am ready to marry you, for you are the only one I really love."

"But what about my cousins?" said the damsel.

"I claim no merit in saying I do not care for them, for they evidently don't care for me; they go to court to-day; they prefer——"

"A prince to the poor scholar, Foo-Chow," said the damsel.

"And you prefer?" said the prince.

"Foo-Chow to a prince," answered Hi-Ho, "on one condition."

"Name it," said Kwang-See.

"That you endeavor to deserve the preference."

"I will," said the prince, "like you, on one condition. Go to the court, or I shall set no value on the sacrifice. Nor shall I then have to reproach myself with the chance of depriving you of the opportunity of sharing the throne with the prince of this kingdom."

"You speak as if you wished it," said the damsel.

"I love you so that I'd sooner see you queen than any candidate the court can boast," said the young man.

"Then you don't love me?" said the maid.

"Time alone will show," said Kwang-See. "You will go?"

"For your wish, yes."

"I see your cousins coming. I've no inclination to meet them, so, Hi-Ho, farewell until after the court meeting; that over and you remain in the same mind as to my affection, I will appear and claim the hand of her who solely possesses my heart."

Saying which he embraced Hi-Ho fondly and departed.

Long-Chin and Quang-Tung, coming from the house, observed the departure of Kwang-See, and, with some degree of satirical emphasis remarked to their cousin that they thought it was time ill-bestowed upon such an object as the poor scholar, Foo-Chow, when there was a chance for the highest position in the realm to any one who had youth and beauty to recommend her.

"You didn't always think so meanly of Foo-Chow," said Hi-Ho. "You said you loved him."

"Ah! that was before there was the prospect of a prince in the perspective," said Long-Chin.

"Yes," said Quang-Tung; "it isn't every day that princes are put up for competition."

"You also admitted you loved him," said Hi-Ho.

"He bothered me into that belief," was the reply.

"In fact," replied Long-Chin, "he bothered us all, but I don't believe that one of us had any real affection for so general a lover."

"Speak for yourself," said Hi-Ho. "I loved him then—I love him now."

"More fool you," replied both the cousins, "when there's a prince in the market; but we lose time. I'm for the court. This is the hour appointed for the presence. You'll come, cousin?"

"Most certainly," said Quang-Tung.

"And you, cousin?" said Long-Chin to Hi-Ho.

"Will go with you, not for any other prospect than the hope for your advancement, and if you succeed believe neither of you will wear your wedding favor with half the pleasure I shall feel in assisting your adornment," replied Hi-Ho.

"I see you prefer poverty to princes," said Quang-Tung.

"I prefer content and happiness to all the wealth in the world," said Hi-Ho.

"Well, every one to their choice," said the cousins.

"When you're married and settled we'll call and see you, however humbly you may be situated," said Long-Chin.

"Oh, yes, we'll give you a look in now and then, and if, when I am married to the prince, I can do you any service, command me," said Quang-Tung.

"Well, as the prince can't marry all of us, and the chances are in my favor, I shall not forget you," said Long-Chin.

The cousins now bent their way to the court, as the hour of trial and competition had arrived.

A most numerous assemblage of all the youth and beauty of the kingdom were gathered at the palace of the old king as the cousins entered the court.

They had been tardy in their arrival, and were the last to enter, but quite in time to hear the grand mandarin and chief minister of the old king pronounce that the prince was about to make his choice.

At this interesting moment Quang-Tung and Long-Chin seemed overcome by their position, and appeared almost sinking into the earth when Hi-Ho whispered in their ears:

"Courage!"

The mandarin now in a loud voice announced the following words:

"The prince has seen and observed the looks of all, and has selected for the trial of skill and accomplishments this lady."

Saying this he advanced to Hi-Ho, and presenting a lute to her, said:

"Take this lute and let your voice accompany the instrument, that the prince may judge your musical capabilities."

"What shall I do?" said Hi-Ho to herself, in fear and trepidation.

At this moment Zim-Zim, the sprite, wearing his cap of invisibility, placed himself by her side and whispered:

"Trust!"

"Oh, I dare not," said Hi-Ho. "Alas, you mistake. I have learned nothing, know nothing. I came here as a humble follower of my cousins, of my friends, not to present myself. Allow me to retire, to return to my humble home, a home I never should have quitted——"

The sprite whispered in her ear:

"No."

The mandarin, with some show of temper, said:

"The prince insists on having you sing. He will admit of no denial."

"Oh! what shall I say?" exclaimed Hi-Ho.

The sprite came to her assistance, and cheered her with the word:

"Yes."

"I know nothing but the melodies of childhood."

"We wait your music, lady," said the mandarin.

Unconsciously Hi-Ho passed her fingers rapidly over the strings of the instrument, and it sent forth sounds of sweetness and beauty.

"Was that me?"

"Yes," answered Zim-Zim, still invisible to her and all."

A spirit of strength and power seemed suddenly to possess Hi-Ho, and she sang a melody of such sweetness that the whole court were fixed in astonishment at its composition and execution.

At its completion there ran round the assemblage a buzz of applause and admiration, when a voice was heard from the throne proclaiming silence.

All were instantly fixed in attention, and the voice continued.

"Hi-Ho is the prince's choice."

"Alas! I have no heart to give. I am not fit to be the wife of so high a personage. I love another."

"Love another!" said several of the crowd.

"Refuse a prince!" said others.

"I am not fit for courts and palaces," said Hi-Ho.

"Beauty like yours, aided by the talents you possess, would adorn a palace," said the voice. "Do not refuse."

"I must," said Hi-Ho, "I must! My only hope is to share a cottage with the man I love."

"And he is?" said the invisible voice.

"Foo-Chow, the poor scholar of Pekin."

At this moment a curtain at the throne was removed, and the Prince Kwang-See appearing, clasped Hi-Ho in his arms and said:

"The poor scholar no longer, but still your ardent lover, who offers heart and hand to her who so bravely won them by her constancy and affection."

At this moment Win-Ki, the Tartar witch, appeared before the astonished crowd.

"Thy work is now complete. You asked my aid," said she to the prince; "you've had it, and I have given to your arms beauty and talent. No richer dower could monarchs give. Value it, which no doubt you will, now you have sown your wild oats. I prophecy that your future will be happiness, blessed with love such as hers and wisdom such as mine."

Her prophecy was fulfilled.

For years and years afterward all the kingdom blessed the union of Prince Kwang-See and the fair Hi-Ho.

◆

WHAT is the difference between a mother's brother and a mother's sister? One's an uncle and the other aren't.

# Rob Rollalong, the Runaway.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,

AUTHOR OF THE "JACK HARKAWAY" AND "DICK LIGHTHEART" STORIES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

(Continued from page [illegible].)

MEANWHILE, Bourgain hurried to his home. Hattie had heard the shrieks and cries in the city, and was in a terrible fright, guessing that something dreadful had happened.

"Oh, *petit papa!*" she exclaimed, seizing Bourgain's hand; "do tell me what it is. You are hurt; your head is bleeding."

"That is nothing, *machère*," he replied. "But Vangs has killed ze king. Ze people are in revolution; zey burn and kill everyone."

"Vangs is a villain."

"Oh, yaes; bad mans—ver bad mans. He say he come to take you to be his wife."

"You will not let him?"

"What can we do? I do not know which way to turn. Tell me what we shall do?"

"Let us take a boat and run away."

"Ah! but think—just reflect a leetle. Where shall we go?" asked Bourgain.

"To the other island, where Rob Rollalong and his friends are."

"Zey will not like *me*, because I join in ze attack on ze *château*—what you say castle."

"That is nothing. I will say that you have been kind to me," she said. "Come—do come at once."

"Plenty of boat close by. Yaes, I will go with you. I was foolish mans to let Vangs kill ze king, because Kalimuckra always good friend to me; but I do it for your sake. If he was no kill he would make you his wife."

"Oh, I am sure that you acted for the best. You are very good to me. I love you as a father. Come—oh, do, please, come."

"It shall be done. I am tired of living here. What have I got to stay for?—*rien. Allons donc!*"

"I am ready."

"*Mais je ne suis pas prêt. Dis donc!* Let us take something to eat and drink."

"I will carry all my strength will allow me to."

Bourgain made up a parcel of bread and meat, which he rolled in matting and gave to Hattie, he himself carrying a jar of wine and one of water.

Then they made their way to the beach, which was not far off, and taking possession of a stoutly-built canoe, put their provisions and water inside.

There was no one about, as all the inhabitants of the village had hurried to the city on hearing the news of the king's death and the establishment of the republic, with Karri-Magi, or the Man on Crutches, as they called Vangs, for President.

It was a great day in the annals of Batraria.

Leaving the maddening crowd to take care of themselves, the fugitives got into the canoe, pushed her off, and hoisting the lateen-sail, trusted themselves to the mercy of the waves.

"God be our help and guide!" said Hattie, fervently.

"Amen! God is good, my child; He will not desert us," answered Bourgain, who was a good Catholic.

The boat soon left the land behind, and they had fairly started on their adventurous voyage.

Bourgain was full of doubt as to its issue, but Hattie was so delighted to escape from the king and Vangs, that she hailed all the perils of the deep as a happy change, and was willing to dare all that wind and waves could do.

We will leave the poor girl and the faithful, paternal Bourgain, who loved her as a daughter, to pursue their travels.

It may be imagined that Vangs was in despair when he returned to the house and found them gone.

He could make nobody understand him, for he could not speak a word of the natives' language, and they knew no more of English than he did of Caribbee.

By signs he tried to make the old woman who acted as housekeeper comprehend him, and she, guessing his meaning, took him to the seashore and pointed to a boat, after which she extended her arms, as if to intimate that they had sailed away.

He understood her meaning, and going back to the house, drank deeply of the Frenchman's wine, there being a good stock left.

This made him very ill, and his excess, added to the excitement through which he had passed during the day, brought on a fever.

He took to his bed, and on the third day became delirious.

The old woman nursed him carefully, and Vangs for some time took no further interest in the politics of Batraria, which he had stirred up with such success.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### RESCUED.

WHEN the attack on the castle was made by the cannibals, the boys, as we know, escaped.

Doctor Ames had been badly wounded by an arrow, and was so weak from loss of blood that they had to support him, one on each side.

They did not go far, thinking the nearer they were to home the less likely they were to be looked for.

In a thick grove they had erected a sort of Summer-house, and placed quite a quantity of stores, provisions, and water in it, with some arms and ammunition, looking out for a rainy day, and providing for just such a contingency as had happened.

Their chief regret was that Hattie had not come along with them, and thinking she might have gone to the cave, where they had previously expressed their intention of hiding, Rob, under cover of the night, went to explore, but he saw nothing of her.

To attack the castle and rescue her was impossible, and such an act of madness, in the presence of so many of the enemy, could only have resulted in capture or death.

The doctor grew no better.

Kedge and Rob sat up with him all night.

He had suffered greatly from loss of blood, and was so weak from exhaustion as to be scarcely able to speak.

It was with the utmost grief and unspeakable sorrow that they saw their kind friend and inestimable companion rapidly sinking, being unable to disguise from themselves the mournful fact that it was unlikely he would recover.

Indeed, he seemed to recognize this himself.

Toward morning his mind wandered, and he fancied himself in New York, performing an operation in a hospital for the extraction of a bullet from a man's leg.

Kedge and Rob were worn out for want of sleep, but neither of them would give way, and they continued to watch the doctor with the solicitude of trained nurses, though they could do little to alleviate his sufferings.

The arrow had struck him in the chest, penetrating his lungs, and projecting under his left shoulder, near the back-bone, showing the force with which the savages could discharge their rude and primitive weapons.

"Poor doc," said Kedge; "I'm afraid he's going to cash in his checks."

"So am I," replied Rob. "Isn't it aggravating? We shall miss him so. Why couldn't that rascal Vangs let us alone? It's all his doing. The savages would never have attacked us had it not been for him."

"That's so. I hope Hattie's all right. I can't make out why she didn't bolt, as we told her to. But Vangs is no good."

A day and a night passed, during which Doctor Ames grew no better. The fever increased in severity.

The boys gave him grapes and water, though at last he grew so weak that he could not raise his hand to his lips.

It was clear that he was rapidly passing away.

On the third day his mind became clearer, and he could speak feebly, being able to recognize those around him.

"Good-by, my dear boys," he said. "Always be true to each other, and God will protect you."

"Oh, sir!" replied Rob; "don't say you are dying."

"I know it. Where is Kedge? My eyes are growing dim; I can see no longer."

"He is gone to gather some grapes for you, sir."

Just then Kedge came running back, looking hot and excited, as if he had seen something wonderful.

"What is it, Kedge?" asked Rob. "Savages again?"

"No. A ship—a great big ship. She's furling her sails, and dropping anchor in the bay. I think she has come for water."

At this news Rob fairly trembled with joy.

"By George! I'm glad of that," he exclaimed. "Doc, hear this."

There was no answer.

"He's dead!" said Kedge, in a tone of alarm.

They looked anxiously at one another, and their faces paled.

Doctor Ames had died before the good news could be communicated to him.

The boys were too much excited at the appearance of a ship in the offing to dwell much upon their grief for the loss of the doctor.

They hastily buried the body, and put stones of large size over the grave, after which they hurried down to the beach, and were just in time to meet the ship's launch.

"Hello!" cried the coxswain.

The crew regarded them with unfeigned surprise.

"Ship ahoy!" replied Rob. "Where do you hail from?"

"The *Dolphin*, of Baltimore, bound for Macao and Shanghai. Is this island inhabited?"

"No, sir."

"Who are you?"

"Castaways. Been here some months."

"Only you?"

"All others dead," replied Rob. "Will you take us off?"

"Certainly. Are you sailors?"

"Nothing else."

"Can we get good fresh water here?"

"All you want. Come with us and we will show you."

The crew landed, and the boys conducted them to a spring, at which they filled their kegs, after which they brought them an abundance of sweet, ripe grapes.

While the crew were loading the launch the mate contrived to question Rob and Kedge concerning their life on the island.

And without hesitation they told him of all their adventures.

When they recounted the incidents of the attack on the castle by the savages, led by Vangs, Johnson, and the professor, and the subsequent capture of Hattie, the mate swore a mighty oath, and declared Vangs and his confederates a set of swabs, who ought to have been keelhauled.

"By gum," he said, suddenly; "it's mighty queer."

"What's queer?" inquired Rob.

"Why, we picked up a man and a girl yesterday in a canoe; they said they had escaped from one of the Cannibal Islands near here."

"A man and a girl?" exclaimed Rob and Kedge, simultaneously.

"Jes' so."

"Heavens!" cried Rob, excitedly, "if it should be Hattie! Can you describe her?" he added, eagerly.

"Wal," responded the mate, "she's a right pretty gal, I should say. I ain't much of a hand to notice women-kind, but I sort o' cottoned to her, for she's a rale little beauty."

"Can't you tell what she was like?" demanded Rob, impatiently.

"She had pretty yaller hair, and blue eyes as big as a fawn's."

"It's her, Kedge!" exclaimed Rob, joyfully.

"It must be," responded his friend, with equal delight.

"But the man—could it be Vangs?" continued Rob.

"I don't see who else it could be," replied Kedge; and then, addressing the mate, he said: "What kind of a looking man was the one you picked up with the girl?"

"He's a little fellow with a long black beard—a Frenchman; he calls himself Lee Petty Boorgone, or something like that, in his jaw-breaking lingo."

"That would be *le petit Bourgain*—the little Bourgain," said Kedge, who had picked up a smattering of French in his voyaging around the world.

"Who in creation can he be, then?" exclaimed Rob; "he's a new deal altogether."

"Says he was a prisoner among the savages, wrecked, you understand, and he escaped and saved the girl; she says he was like a father to her."

"Then hurrah for *petit* Bourgain, or whatever his name is!" shouted Rob; "let's get aboard as quick as we can. I'm all impatience."

"And so am I," added Kedge.

As the boat was now loaded, the mate was ready to go, and the party embarked at once.

A few vigorous strokes of the oars brought them alongside the ship.

And Rob Rollalong's joy may be imagined when he saw, leaning over the quarter-rail, the face and form of Hattie Elliott. With one spring he was beside her, and she was clasped in his arms, sobbing out her happiness on his shoulder.

When their first transports were over, Kedge came in for a share of the rejoicings.

Then introductions were in order.

"Rob," said Hattie, smiling through her tears, "this is Mr. Bourgain. You must thank him very much, for he has been very kind to me. I owe my life to his courage and devotion."

"Ah, zat is nossing," said Bourgain, as Rob wrung his hand and endeavored to express his thanks in words; "zat is nossing, *mon ami*. Ven I see Mees Hattie, she mek-a-me think of *ma petit* Rosini at home in *la belle France*."

"You are a good man, I am sure, Mr. Bourgain," said Rob, warmly, "and I cannot thank you too much for your care of Hattie. Can you tell me anything of Vangs?"

"Ah, Monsieur Vang! He 'ave mek a revolution and keel ze king, *parbleu*, and now he 'ave one *republique*, and is ze president; *ah, oui, sacre vilain!*"

And M. Bourgain shook his fist threateningly in the direction of the island of Batraria.

"Will he be able to rule his dusky subjects?" asked Kedge.

"He rule zem? Ze *sacre coquin* understand not one vord of ze language. Zey vill turn cannibals again and eat heem."

"They will eat him, you think, Mr. Bourgain?"

"*Certainement!* Zey vill make of heem one *roti*, and *manger* him *avec plaisir*."

"Well, I don't know that I shall be very sorry," said Rob.

"Serve him right," responded Kedge.

"*Ah, oui*," said Bourgain, "he is one bad man; *un mauvais sujet, sans doute*."

"But it seems too horrible!" exclaimed Hattie, shuddering.

"What is too horrible, young lady?" asked the captain of the ship, who had just come on deck.

Hattie hastily explained the perilous situation of Vangs.

"Oho! this is the rascal you told me about," said the captain.

"Yes, sir."

"And you think he ought not to be left to perish?"

"He has been a deadly enemy to me and those I love," responded Hattie; "but it seems terrible to leave him in the power of those merciless savages."

"Well, you're a good-hearted one, that's certain," exclaimed the captain. "Them sentiments does you credit, and it does go sort of against the grain to leave a fellow-critter in such a fix, though he be a villain. Mr. Marlin!"

"Ah, ay, sir!" responded the mate.

"Are them water-casks stowed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then get the ship under way at once, we'll run down toward the other island. See you keep a sharp lookout."

"Ay, ay, sir! All hands up anchor, ahoy!"

The boatswain's shrill whistle resounded throughout the ship, the sailors manned the capstan, and in a few minutes the anchor was reported "short stay apeak."

"Unship your bars; all hands make sail!" shouted the mate, and five minutes later the good ship *Dolphin* was plowing through the water before a gentle breeze, her prow headed for the island of Batraria.

Rob, Hattie, and Kedge remained on deck chatting earnestly over their late experiences, and quite forgot the flight of time until they were summoned to dinner.

When they returned to the deck they found that the wind had died away completely, and the *Dolphin* lay becalmed within sight of Batraria, and not more than a mile from the shore.

"Had we better send a boat ashore, cap'n?" asked Mr. Marlin.

The captain, who was carefully surveying the shore through a spy-glass, made no reply for a minute.

Then he said:

"By thunder! there's a white man on the beach, and he's running, too. Halloo! if there don't come the niggers after him!"

As the captain spoke a number of forms appeared on the open beach, and as they came out from beneath the shadows of the palm-grove, all the watchers could see that a single man was pursued by a party of about twenty.

"You say he's a white man, captain?" inquired Rob, eagerly.

"Yes, certainly; look for yourself," and he handed Rob the glass.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed our hero, "it *is* Vangs, and he is running for his life."

"Lower away the gig, Mr. Marlin," shouted the captain. "Arm your crew and pull in for the shore; if he can get a canoe he may escape them yet. Be lively, now, and be careful not to run in too close."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

And in three minutes' time the gig was jumping through the water at a ten mile an hour rate.

The group on deck watched the scene with breathless anxiety.

Vangs reached the water's edge a little ahead of his pursuers, and springing into a canoe, pushed off and paddled with frantic energy toward the ship.

The savages quickly manned a large war-canoe, and while a dozen working at the paddles urged her through the water, the others sent a volley of arrows after the fugitive.

On came pursuers and pursued, and rapidly neared the gig, which was pulling straight for them with all the energy of eight strong arms.

When Vangs was not more than two hundred yards from the gig, and about fifty in advance of his pursuers, the savages let fly another volley of arrows.

As they did so, the mate ordered his men to cease rowing and use their muskets.

They fired a well-directed volley at the savages, and it proved an effectual one, for the pursuers gave up the chase and headed their canoe for the shore.

As they did so, however, they fired a cloud of arrows at the fugitive.

Vangs reeled and then fell headlong into the sea.

He reappeared instantly, however, and struck out vigorously for the boat.

It was evident that he was only slightly wounded.

The men resumed their oars and pulled toward him.

The boat was within thirty yards of Vangs, when a cry of horror burst from the mate.

Not ten feet from the swimmer a huge black fin was cutting the water like a knife.

Another second, and, with a scream of mortal agony, Vangs threw up his hands and leaped convulsively out of the water, then sank beneath the waves, leaving nothing but a circle of white foam, streaked with blood, to mark the place of his disappearance.

He had been devoured by a shark!

The gig returned to the ship, and found that the watchers on the deck had witnessed the whole dreadful scene.

Hattie Elliott had fainted and been carried to the cabin.

She soon recovered from the swoon, but was so completely prostrated by the shock that she was confined to her stateroom for several days.

When she once more came on deck she found that Rob and Kedge, finding that the *Dolphin* was bound to Shanghai, and thence to San Francisco, had shipped for the voyage, with the understanding that she was to be carried as a passenger.

*Petit* Bourgain made himself useful as ship's cook.

The voyage to Shanghai was made without incident; and after unloading the vessel and shipping a cargo of tea and silks the *Dolphin* sailed for San Francisco.

The trip across the broad Pacific was an uneventful one, and at last, one fine morning, the famous Golden Gate was sighted, and a few hours later the ship laid alongside her wharf.

Six months afterward Hattie and Rob were united, and the same time Kedge formed a matrimonial alliance with Miss Adelaide Agnew, a young lady whose acquaintance Hattie had formed soon after their arrival in San Francisco.

Having gone through so many vicissitudes, the friends determined to stick together in future.

And they did so.

Although they had their ups and downs at first, their perseverance and industry were bound to succeed in the end.

They eventually went into partnership as ship-brokers, and by lucky speculations in stocks and strict attention to business they are at this moment two of the leading citizens in the enterprising and splendid city of San Francisco.

Bourgain returned to France, where he is happy in the society of his beloved Rosini, and is as prosperous a bourgeois as you will find in the gay French capital.

Though our hero had death in his hand he did not die in six years.

He is the father of a family, rich and respected by all.

And so end the adventures of our Runaway Rob Rollalong.

THE END.

# THE MYSTIC THREE.

SHOWING WHAT HAPPENED TO THREE BOYS WHO BELIEVED ALL THEY READ.

By PIERCE CUTTING.

## CHAPTER LXXXVI.

### A WAR-WHOOP.

UNDER these circumstances the *Cherokee Warrior* continued to plow the turbid waters of the Missouri for five days more.

After their first mischances, the Mystic Three performed their new duties well enough.

In fact, there was no laziness in their compositions.

They were willing to work when they got any work to do.

The navigation of the river grew more and more difficult as the steamer approached her journey's end.

As Sim observed, the higher you got up the Missouri, the more like a corkscrew it became.

"And that reminds me," he said.

"Of what?" queried Hack.

"Of the maps."

"What about the maps?"

"Did you ever see a river on them that has any little bends in it?"

"'Pon my word, I never did."

"No more did you ever see a railroad that didn't go perfectly straight. Now, I want to know why that is."

"You do?"

"Yes, I do."

"And what would you give to know?"

"I might give a thank ye."

"It ain't enough."

"Well, just for greens, I don't mind making it a quarter."

"Now you commence to talk."

"Is it a bargain, then?"

"Yes."

And Hackaliah sauntered off.

"Hold on," called Sim.

"What for?" demanded Hack.

"How about our bargain?"

"What bargain?"

"Ain't you going to earn that quarter, and tell me why rivers and railroads always go straight on the maps?"

"Oh, to be sure. Fork over."

Simeon Walsingham Pugsley passed out the required coin.

Hack bit it, rang it on the windlass, and then put it in his pocket.

"Well," he said, very deliberately, "it's always been my opinion——"

"Yes."

"That rivers and railroads run straight on the maps because——"

"Because why?"

"Because the fellows that make the maps draw 'em so."

And Hackaliah sauntered off, whistling the "Rogues' March," while Gid Goble grinned, and muttered something about, "Sold again!"

"What was that you said, Gid Goble?" demanded Sim, fiercely.

"Me?" repeated Gid, innocently.

"Yes, you."

"Did I say anything?"

"Yes, you did."

"What was it?"

"Something about 'Sold again.'"

"Well, if you know what it was, why do you ask me to tell it over again?"

And Gid joined Hackaliah.

Sim hesitated a minute.

Then he walked over to where a fat-headed darkey boy was polishing knives for the kitchen, and kicked him.

The child of Ham jumped up and demanded, excitedly:

"Wha' you do dat for, say?"

"Because I'm mad," said Sim.

The darkey scratched his head for a second.

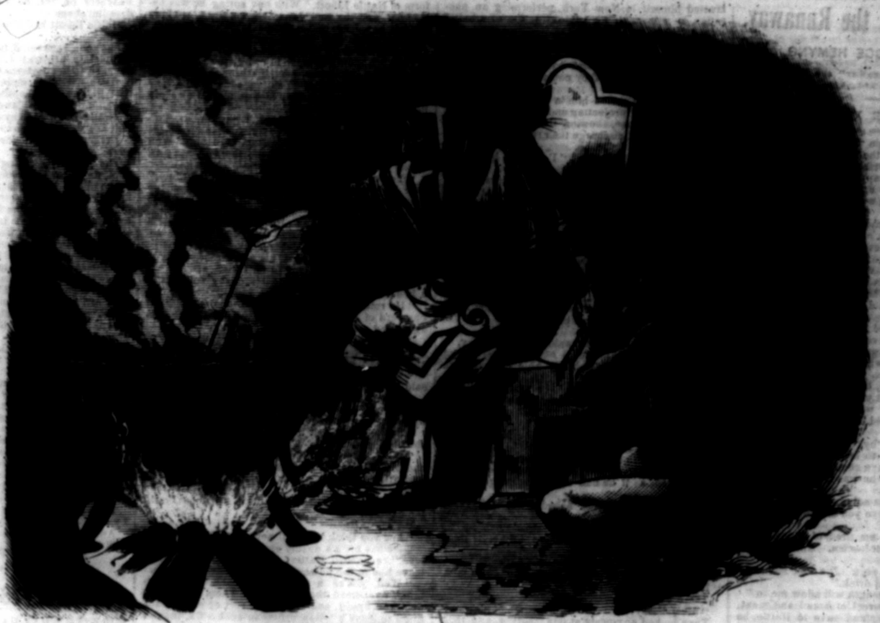
Then he broke into a broad grin and called:

"Si! You Josiah!"

At this summons a diminutive darkey boy, who had been washing dishes in the kitchen, came trotting out.

"Wha' you want, Pete?" he asked.

"Come heah."



WIN-KI, THE TARTAR WITCH.—"THE FORM THAT LAY CROUCHED ON THE FLOOR OF THE HOVEL CRAWLED TO THE FEET OF THE WITCH, AND, MUTTERING INCOHERENT SOUNDS, SEEMED TO SOLICIT MERCY."—SEE PAGE 406.

"Heah I is."

"Den take dat."

And Pete dealt him a kick that nearly broke his back.

"Wha' foh you kick me?" blubbered Si, as soon as he got up.

"You ax me wha' foh I kick you?" demanded Pete.

"Yes."

"Den, I tell you."

"Why, den?"

"'Cause I was mad."

"Wha' make you mad?"

"White boy kick me."

Si rolled his eyes upward till only the whites were visible.

Somewhere in the recesses of his brain he saw an idea.

So he rolled his optics down again.

And stalking gravely across the deck to where the ship's dog was lying asleep, he gave him a kick that made his ribs crack.

The dog jumped up with a howl.

And as the steamer's cat was the nearest object, he flew at her.

Tabby took one blow of her enemy's heavy paw.

Then she scuttled into the pantry.

And finding a parrot, which belonged to the cook on the ship, she pounced on it.

The screeches of the parrot brought the cook to the spot.

And he commenced to beat pussy with a broom to rescue his favorite.

This aroused the ire of the buxom colored stewardess, whose pet Tabby was. Consequently, she pitched into the knight of the soup-pot.

It was half an hour before the fight was over, and by that time Simeon Walsingham Pugsley had quite recovered his good humor.

It was rather an expensive process, though.

It had cost, among other things, the lives of a cat and parrot.

The smash of ten dollars' worth of crockery.

A black eye for the cook.

A bloody nose for the stewardess.

Not to mention the damage to the two small darkies and the dog.

That night, while the Devastators were preparing to turn in, Gideon Goble stopped with his shirt half off and sniffed the air lustily.

"Only look at Gid," observed Sim.

"What ails him?" asked Hack.

"He's smelling his to-morrow's breakfast."

"I wish it was only that," said Gid, seriously.

"We don't doubt it."

"But it isn't."

"What is it, then?"

"Have you got noses?"

"Yes."

"Then use 'em."

"What for?"

"Can't you smell smoke?"

"By Jingo! I believe I can."

"And so do I."

"What can it be?"

"The boat on fire."

"Nonsense!"

"I hope it is. But I'm going to find out."

And, redressing, Gid hastened out.

The others followed him.

The cabin was full of smoke, thin and pungent as the vapor from dry wood burning always is. At the far end a red gleam flickered, leaped up and died down again.

Hastening in that direction, the Mystic Three found it to proceed from the pantry.

That room, crammed with combustible material, was already a mass of flame.

The door was burned through in places, and the bulkheads all about were smoldering.

To give the alarm was the work of a moment.

But it was too late.

The flames had gained too much headway, and the *Cherokee Warrior* was doomed.

She was run into the bank, and the most valuable portion of her cargo was rolled ashore.

While this was being done a dark figure was observed to slink away from the bank.

"Who's that?" cried the captain, who had noticed it.

"Dern me," observed the mate, "but it looks like Jim Staggers!"

"You're right. It is him. And what's more, I'll lay my head he's at the bottom of all this."

"Of the burning?"

"Yes."

A murmur of assent rose from the passengers.

His threats, and the fact that on the night of the fire he had been nowhere visible, confirmed the suspicions.

"There's only one thing to do, then," observed Hiram Boggles.

"What's that?"

"Ketch him."

And he set out in pursuit of the vanishing miscreant, followed by every one of the passengers and crew of the *Cherokee Warrior*.

Their race was all they had for their pains, however.

After a two hours' chase in the darkness they returned to the river.

"What's up now?" demanded the captain, as the burning hulk of the *Cherokee Warrior* loomed in sight like a huge bonfire.

"How d'ye mean?" asked Hiram Boggles.

"Look there."

And he pointed toward the boat.

The drovers uttered a simultaneous exclamation of surprise.

A number of fantastic figures were visible in the light of the conflagration plundering the cargo which had been saved from the steamer.

"Injuns!" exclaimed every one.

"Indians!" cried the Mystic Three, together.

"Give it to 'em, boys!" shouted Hiram Boggles. "Hooray!"

The drovers and steamboat men took up the shout, and sent it rolling away on the echoes of the night.

Then they charged, revolver and knife in hand.

The Mystic Three were with them.

But only for a brief space.

The Indians, surprised, ceased in their work of spoliation.

They were a mere handful of vagabond savages, who would not fight anything bigger than an invalid cat.

So they set up a wild whoop and scampered off.

At this sound the Mystic Three came to a sudden halt. It was the first time they had ever heard the Indian war-cry, and, brave as they were—in their minds—it struck terror into their souls.

And likewise into their bodies, even to the marrow of their bones.

So while the panic-stricken aborigines fled in one direction the Devastators bounded off in the other, at a speed which made even the strong night-wind a mere zephyr.

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## CHAPTER LXXXVII.

### TOSSED INTO GOOD LUCK.

If their strength had held out there is not the slightest doubt but the Mystic Three would have kept on running till they struck the Pacific Ocean.

Every wail of the night-wind seemed a repetition of that fearful howl.

Dime novels or no dime novels, human nature will assert itself.

And an Indian war-whoop is certainly an unpleasant sound to hear.

The Devastators had been traveling due west for about an hour, and were actually ready to drop from exhaustion when they were saved that trouble.

The prairie was shrouded in gloom, and they dashed on in the darkness, seeing nothing around them—or at least they would have been unable to see anything even if they had not been too scared to use their eyes at all.

As it was, Simeon Walsingham Pugsley, darting on in the gloom, ran plump against a yielding body.

So did Hackaliah Snick.

So did Gideon Goble.

The three yielding bodies rose precipitately.

So, an instant later, did the three fugitives. They had stumbled among a herd of sleeping cattle, and the three animals they had run against had resented the interruption of their slumbers by tossing the interrupters high in air. The Devastators described three parabolas of great extent and symmetry.

And descended on the roof of a little cabin, built against the low bluff, on the summit of which the herd was sleeping.

The roof caved in with a crash.

And the three falling stars tumbled among a group of three rough-looking men, who were playing cards by the light of a fire in the middle of the cabin.

The men jumped up with a yell of fright.

"Ingines!" screamed one.

"Stand by!" howled another.

"Jump for the guns, boys!" cried the third.

And all three made a rush for a stack of rifles in a corner of the cabin.

It would have gone hard with the Mystic Three if a fourth party had not appeared on the scene.

This was a man mounted on a wiry little mustang, who rode up to the door.

Less startled than the others, he saw that the intruders on the privacy of the cabin were not savages, and said so.

"Hello! hello!" he remarked; "white folks here!"

"White folks?" repeated the others. "Why, so there is!"

"And a special breed of 'em, to jedge from 'pearances," observed the man on the mustang. "Who be you?"

"Friends," returned Hackaliah Snick, with dignity. "You needn't be afraid."

"Thank ye," said the man; "we ain't."

"We won't hurt you."

"Won't you, railly, now?"

"No."

"Well, that's kind of ye."

"Don't mention it."

Like most men who lead such rough lives, the bull-whackers, for such were the strangers, were fond of a joke.

So that of the panic-stricken Devastators put them in good humor at once.

"Squat," said one.

Nothing loath, the weary Mystic Three squatted.

"Are you nibby?" was the next question.

"Which?"

"Nibby."

"What's that?"

"Why, hungry."

"Well, we just are."

"Then here's yer meat."

And a huge chunk of cold boiled pork was set before them on a tin platter.

They ate till they were tired.

They ate, in fact, till all that was left of the pork was a bone.

And that bone was polished to the gleaming whiteness of ivory.

"Wall," observed one of their entertainers, with a grin, "I guess we may as well begin to kill."

"Kill what?" asked Gid.

"One of the beasts."

"What for?"

"Why, you'll soon be ready for more, won't ye?"

"You needn't bother about it till morning."

"Do you railly think ye kin pull through on your present allowance?"

"Well try."

"All right. If ye git hungry agin, take a chaw on this buffler hide. It'll keep ye busy."

The Mystic Three were too contented to pay any attention to this friendly gibing.

"I've heard of being kicked into good luck," whispered Sim.

"Have you, though?" inquired Hack.

"Yes, I have."

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing; only we've been tossed into it."

"It might be called a bully job, as it were, eh?"

"I never thought of that before."

"If you keep on making such puns as that there'll be gore around here."

"You think I'd better haul in my horns, eh?"

"Or you may have to hoof it."

"Or hide?"

"Or have a tale of woe to tell."

"Gid Goble, you're the most cow-herdly wretch I ever saw."

"Why am I?"

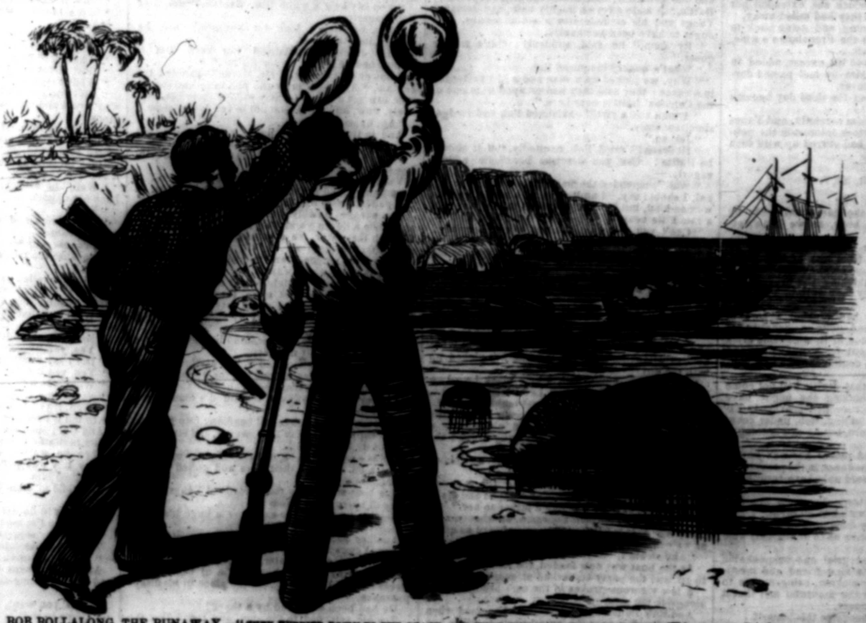
"To keep on torturing a fellow like this."

"Then I'll stop."

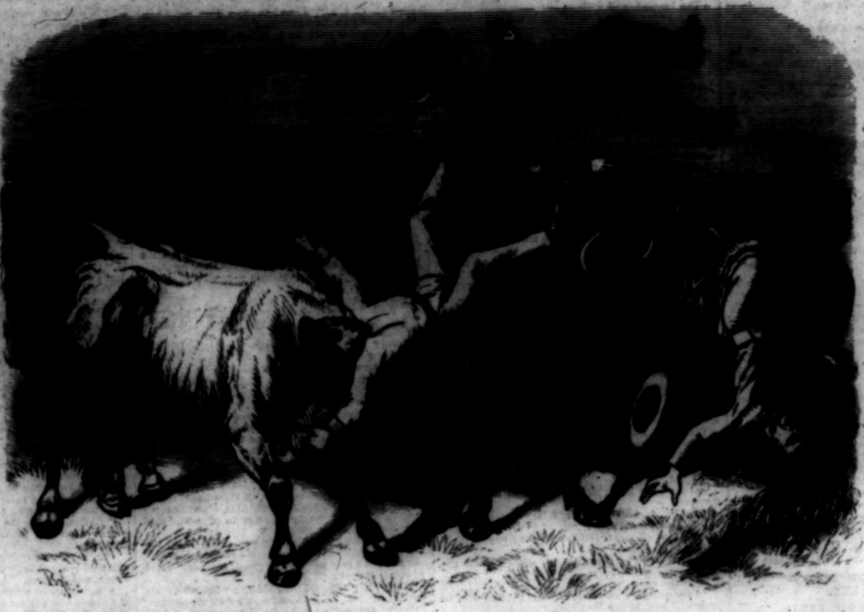
"Do."

"You shall hair no more of me."

The bull-whackers had been listening to this colloquy, thoroughly mysti-



ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY.—"THEY HURRIED DOWN TO THE BEACH, AND WERE JUST IN TIME TO MEET THE SHIP'S LAUNCH."—SEE PAGE 400.



THE MYSTIC THREE.—"THE MYSTIC THREE HAD STUMBLED AMONG A HERD OF SLEEPING CATTLE, AND THE THREE ANIMALS THEY HAD RUN AGAINST HAD RESENTED THE INTERRUPTION OF THEIR SLUMBERS BY TOSSING THE INTERRUPTERS HIGH IN AIR."—SEE PAGE 407.

fied. The puns of the Devastators were all Greek to them, and when they were done one asked:

"Be you fellers foreigners?"

"Foreigners?" repeated Gid; "no!"

"We thought you was."

"Why?"

"From yer talk."

"What's the matter with our talk?"

"It sounded sort of queer-like."

"It was queer."

"What langwidge was it?"

"Well, it might a' been French."

"War it?"

"No; and it might a' been Low Dutch."

"It sounded outlandish enough."

"But it was United States."

"Well, well, well," muttered the bull-whacker. "I allers heerd them Eastern folks was different from us, but I never knowed they didn't speak English. Is there many like you whar you kim from?"

"Millions."

"An' do ye all talk that a-way?"

"Most of us."

"Then, I vow I don't want to trust myself 'mong ye, that's all I hev to say. What fetches ye here, anyway?"

"A boat."

"Whar to?"

"Down to the river."

"An' why did ye leave her?"

"She burned up."

"Burned up?"

"Yes."

"What boat was it?"

"The *Cherokee Warrior*."

This reply made a visible impression on the bullwhackers. "Dern it, that war the boat the ole man war comin' upon," said one.

"Sure 'nuff it war," commented another.

"Who do you call the old man?" asked Sim.

"The boss."

"What's his name?"

"Hiram."

"Not Hiram Boggles?"

"Well, it just was."

"Why, he's the man that hired us."

"He what?"

"Hired us."

"Hiram Boggles hired you?"

"He did."

"The three of ye?"

"Yes."

"Wall, I swow! An' what's the ole man goin' into the show-business for?"

"The show-business?"

"Yes."

"He ain't, as far as we know."

"Then what did he want to hire you for?"

"To work."

"To work at what?"

"What do you call what you do?"

"Bull-whackin'."

"That's it."

"The ole man hired you to go bull-whackin'?"

"He just did."

The four drovers glared at the Devastators with eyes like saucers.

Then they stared at one another.

Then they gazed pensively at the sky through the hole in the roof. Finally one remarked, with a heavy sigh: "I knowed it."

"Knew what?" asked Hack.

"Has the ole man been on a drunk?"

"No."

"He was dead sober when he hired you?"

"He appeared to be."

"Then it's come true, just as I said when he had that last attack."

"What was that?"

"I said he had gone crazy that time for sure."

## CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

### TED KELLY'S PUPILS.

THE Mystic Three were quite tired enough to be perfectly willing to take all the rest they could get.

Consequently, when one of the bull-whackers, who seemed to act, in the absence of Herman Boggles, as the leader of the party, asked them if they were ready to go to bed, they unanimously responded that they were.

The bull-whacker threw two or three buffalo-robes and a couple of blankets on the floor in one corner of the hut, and said:

"Thar you air, gents. Jist turn in and get all the sleep you kin, fur I reckon Hiram 'll be here in the mornin', and he'll find you 'nuff to do to keep you busy, I'll warrant."

Although not particularly cheered by the prospects thus indicated, the Devastators were too tired to pursue their conversation.

So they stretched themselves on the buffalo robes, pulled the blankets over them, and went to sleep with more ease and comfort than they had experienced for some time. It was about six o'clock the following morning that they were awakened by a chorus of shouts:

"Rouse out thar, dern you!"

"Are you all dead?"

"'Nless they're dead drunk 'twouldn't be much loss," said a third voice. "But that ar' would be a mons'ous waste of good liquor."

"Turn out, you everlastin' sleepy heads!" continued the first voice, which seemed to sound familiar; "and be derned quick about it, or I'll bull-whack some of you with a club."

And the Mystic Three recognized the husky tones of Mr. Hiram Boggles, and sat up and looked about them.

They were entirely alone in the hut, but the trampling of hoofs and the sound of voices outside showed them that Mr. Boggles had undoubtedly arrived.

And they at once concluded that the bull-whackers must have gone off with the herd and left them to sleep off their fatigue.

In which conclusion they were entirely correct.

So the trio emerged from the hut and confronted their esteemed employer.

Mr. Boggles looked at them in astonishment.

"Whar'd you come from?" he demanded.

"We just dropped in," responded Sim, politely.

"Through the roof," added Hack.

"You couldn't look worse if you had fallen through a seven-story buildin'," said Mr. Boggles, gazing at them as if he were ciphering up how much they would bring for hide and tallow.

"We're all right, Mr. Boggles," continued Sim, "and anxious to go to work."

"To go to work?"

"Certainly."

"And what do you expect to go to work at out here?"

"Oh, we leave that to you; any light and easy branch of the business will do for me."

"It will?"

"Exactly; and Hack, here, he would come out strong in the ornamental department."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, and there's Gid; he's first-rate for heavy work."

"Such as shifting ballast," said Hack.

"Yes, or having the lead."

"Or stowing away grub."

"Wal, look a-here, young fellers, I ain't got no work here that you could do."

"You haven't?"

"Not a thing."

"Then what did you hire us for?"

"Who hired you?"

"Why, you did."

"I'd like to know when?"

"On board the train a-comin' to St. Louis."

"I did?"

"You most positively did."

"Wal, wal, then I must have been drunk, sure pop."

"I reckon you were," responded Sim. "Anyway, your men said you must be either drunk or crazy, and they appeared to think you were probably both."

"My men said so?"

"Yes, they told us so last night."

"Whar'd you see 'em?"

"Right here."

"You mean my bull-whackers?"

"We just do."

"And whar are they now?"

"Gone out on the range with the cattle, I guess."

"Wal, I've hired you fellows, have I?"

"Just so."

"Then I'll hev to find something for you to do."

"And that is?"

"Bull-whackin'."

"Well, you can't find it too soon to suit us."

"That's so, shipmate," remarked Gid; "we're just crazy to go to work."

"Well, you won't be so long," said Mr. Boggles. "Here you, Ted Kelly, take these young men in hand and break them in."

"Break them into phat, sur?" asked Mr. Kelly, a weazen-faced little Irishman, with carroty hair.

"Into bull-whackin', of course; you know well enough what I mean."

"Begorra, I think it's meslif that'll be bruk in, intirely, wid thim greenhorns," remarked Mr. Kelly, disdainfully, as he turned away. "Come along wid yez, me buckeens."

"Where to?" asked Hack.

"To l'arn bull-whackin', to be sure. Didn't ye hear the masther say so?"

"And is it hard to learn?"

"Well, that depinds."

"Depinds on what?"

"On sarcumstances."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indade."

"And what are the circumstances?"

"Well, to begin wid: Have yez any objections to havin' yer neck bruk?" asked Mr. Kelly.

"Decidedly."

"Or yer skull fracktered?"

"You bet we have."

"Or the spoine av yer back bruk?"

"Well, we just have."

"Thin, young gintlemen, I'm thinkin' ye'll find bull-whackin' hard to l'arn."

The Mystic Three stared at each other, overwhelmed with dismay.

While Ted Kelly, noting their distress, grinned till he looked like an intoxicated baboon, and chuckled in glee.

"There's wan thing in yer favor," he said.

"What's that?" faltered Sim.

"The masther's brought a frish medicine chest wid him."

The Devastators felt their blood run cold.

"Wid the n'atest and sharpest lot o' knoives an' saws ye ever see. So, if wan of yez comes to graie, ye know we can amputate yer leg."

"Murder alive!"

"Or take off yer arm."

"Gracious Peters!"

"Or saw a pace out av yer skull whin it gets smashed, just as nate an' clane as a doocther hisself could."

"Do you mean to say you ever cut people's limbs off here?"

"Well, we do."

"What for?"

"Bekase we has to. Sure, we can't l'ave 'em to doi. D'ye see thim graves there?"

And Ted Kelly pointed to a couple of mounds thrown up by the prairie-dogs.

"Of course we do."

"Well, there's where we buried the last lot o' legs an' arrums we had to cut off. Afore that we used to throw 'em out for the coyotes to ate."

"Mercy on us!"

"But the masther he's a good-hearted gintleman, an' he didn't loike to see it."

"I don't wonder."

"So now we buries 'em."

"But what becomes of the people that get hurt?"

"Well, ye see, them as doies ——"

"Yes."

"They doies."

"Is it possible?"

"It is."

"But what becomes of those that live?"

"Well, thim as lives and don't doi, ye know ——"

"Yes."

"They goes down to the fort."

"Yes."

"Whin they gets well enough, that is."

"We understand."

"An' the doocthers there gives 'em wooden legs an' arrums an' sends 'em off."

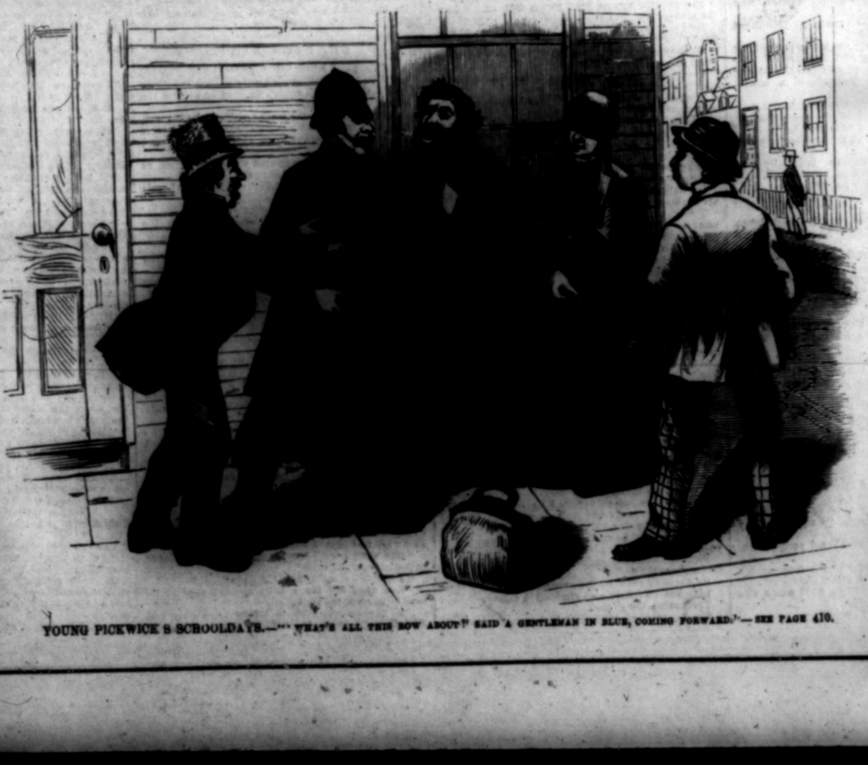
"Where to?"

"Well, some, ye see, goes to Chicago an' New Yorrk, an' thim big place s, an' plays organs in the streets. The most of 'em, though, goes to the almshouse. Ye see, by the toime a bull gets through wid a man he gets pritty well bruk up, as it wor. In the first place, ye see, they're loiable to gore ye."

"Yes."

"To gore ye wid their horns, as it wor."

"Just so."



YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"'WHAT'S ALL THIS ROW ABOUT?' SAID A GENTLEMAN IN BLUE, COMING FORWARD."—SEE PAGE 410.

"Thin sometimes they tosses yez."

"Yes."

"An' ye fall on another wan's horns."

"Yes."

"An' he tosses ye to another, an' so ye kape on goin' whoile ye hould together. Thin agin, they thramples ye."

"They do?"

"An' they kicks ye."

"Do tell!"

"Sure I am tellin' ye. An' they aven boits ye wid their teeth."

"They never bite you with their tails, do they?"

"No, sor, they niver do. But I'll tell yes what they do do wid their tails."

"What's that?"

"An' many's the toime I see 'em do it."

"Do what?"

"Especially to young chaps loike you, as is grane."

"But what is it they do?"

"Whoi, they gives their tails a whisk, do ye persave?"

"Yes."

"An' thim same tails is power'ul long, ye obsarve?"

"We do."

"So, whin they gives 'em a whisk, as it war, they woinds around yer neck, ye see, and pulls ye out av yer saddle and sthrangles ye."

"You don't say so!"

"Sure I've seen 'em do it wid me own eyes a hundhred toimes. Arrah, 'tis a hard loife, bullwhackin', for thim as don't know how."

"If it's as hard as the swallowing of some of those yarns you've been giving us," observed Sim, "it must be."

Ted Kelly looked intently at him for a moment.

"Faith, ye'll have the chance of makin' the comparison, soon," he said, dryly.

"That's what we're waiting for."

"Well, yes won't wait long, for here we are."

[To be continued.]

"The Mystic Three" was commenced in No. 673.

# Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

## CHAPTER LXX.

### YOUNG PICKWICK'S PERIL.

THEY spent the day in walking about the streets with Daniel Welldone, who had obtained a holiday, as their guide.

Night came on apace, and they had obtained no clue by which they could discover the whereabouts of the Diddler.

As they were wandering along a somewhat quiet street, Daniel Welldone gave a cry of surprise.

Just in front of them was a tall, dark figure.

"Wait a minute," cried Daniel; "here's my friend, the gypsy."

And leaving his friends, he hurried forward.

The gypsy was lost in thought, for when Daniel lightly touched him on the arm, he gave a start of surprise.

"You are just the person I want to see," he cried, on recognizing Welldone; "but first tell me who are these boys."

"They are Doctor Waddle's pupils," returned Daniel Welldone, "and are in search of a missing schoolfellow."

"Perhaps you can tell us where he is?" said young Pickwick, boldly advancing.

"Perhaps I can and will," returned the gypsy, with a strange smile; "but first I must have your solemn promise that you will not call in the assistance of the law."

"How can we tell that you are not going to lead us into a trap?" observed Dick. "What is your motive for suddenly turning against the heavy-eyed man?"

"He struck me," said the gypsy, savagely, "and I have sworn to be avenged."

As he spoke he pointed to a livid scar upon his dusky cheek.

The boys accepted the explanation.

"When will you lead us to the Diddler?" said young Pickwick, anxiously.

"This very night," returned the gypsy.

"At what hour?" asked young Pickwick, who was much excited.

"Eleven o'clock, at a riverside public-house called the 'Five Fiddlers.'"

"We will meet you outside the house at the hour you name," returned young Pickwick.

"Do not come if you feel any fear," said the gypsy. "You may find yourselves in mortal danger!"

"We are not afraid," cried young Pickwick.

"I am glad to hear it," said the gypsy, and he stalked away without a word of farewell.

The boys were delighted at the accidental meeting with the gypsy.

"Still, you know," said Fitzsham, doubtfully, "he may be playing us false, after all."

But Daniel Welldone laughed at his fears.

"That there gypsy will never tell a lie," he cried. "His word is his bond."

"Well, we have got to pass the time until eleven o'clock," said young Pickwick; "I vote we have a rest."

"And get something to eat," said Swags.

"Which ain't half a bad suggestion," observed Daniel Welldone. "I never knew anything prosper that was carried out on an empty stomach."

The boys laughed, and looked about after an eating-house.

Here they remained until a quarter to eleven, and then went to the rendezvous, leaving Swags under the care of Welldone.

The night was dark and gloomy.

Not a star gleamed through the darkness, while the wind and rain made their journey anything but inviting.

"Look here, boys," said young Pickwick, "I don't want any drawing back when we are once there. Are you prepared to aid me in my attempt to rescue the Diddler?"

"We are, dear boy," was the ready reply of his two schoolfellows.

No more was said.

The boys silently hurried through the deserted streets until they reached their destination.

Here they found the gypsy awaiting them.

"So you have come," he said. "Can you still say that you are not afraid?"

"Why should we be afraid?" said young Pickwick, coldly.

The gypsy seemed satisfied with this reply.

He led them along the bank of the river.

They soon came upon a rowing boat which was moored to the shore.

"Jump in," said the gypsy, coldly.

The boys obeyed without question.

The gypsy entered after them and silently took hold of the rudder.

He signed to young Pickwick and Fitzsham, who each took an oar.

"Pull away," said the gypsy.

They went to work with a will, and sent the little boat flying over the sullen waters.

The boys had their backs to the wind, and did not get the sleet in their eyes, but the gypsy had the full benefit of both wind and rain.

He was inured to all weathers, and sat silently brooding over his wrongs as the little boat passed across the crowded river.

They reached the other side.

"Follow me," said the gypsy, leaping out and hurrying up the bank.

The guide paused not until he reached a large warehouse.

He stopped here and produced a bunch of keys.

After fitting one or two in the lock, he succeeded in opening the door.

The boys eagerly entered the house, while the gypsy waited to close the door behind them.

"Don't make such a noise," said the gypsy. "There may be some one on the watch."

Thus rebuked, the boys allowed the gypsy to go in advance, and silently followed him.

He led them down the stone staircase.

They soon reached the cellar.

The gypsy paused before what looked like a stone wall.

"Your friend is bricked up," he said. "We shall have to break down a part of the wall."

"You don't mean to tell me that the Diddler is behind those bricks?" cried young Pickwick, with a shudder.

The gypsy nodded.

"Do you think he will be alive?" asked young Pickwick.

"I don't know," said the gypsy, coldly; "time will show."

Taking up a large pickax, he began to demolish the wall.

Soon an opening was made large enough for a boy to pass through.

"Are you all right, Diddler?" cried young Pickwick, anxiously.

Then there was a breathless silence while the boys waited for a reply.

But none came.

"I am going to see whether the Diddler is alive or dead," said young Pickwick.

"Stop!" cried the gypsy. "Perhaps the air is foul, in which case to enter is to meet death face to face."

"I will risk that," said young Pickwick, and he suited the action to the word, crawling through the narrow opening as quickly as possible.

He did not rise when he found the space allowed him to do so.

He used this precaution, having an idea that the foul air would ascend.

Slowly he crawled along until he touched a human hand.

He gave a joyful cry as he felt that it was warm with life.

Hastily placing the senseless body of his friend upon his back, he turned to make his way out of the dismal place.

More than once he felt that he must faint as he crawled along that dark, unwholesome place.

He could have got on twice as fast if he had dropped the Diddler.

But such an idea never entered his head.

He meant to stick to the Diddler to the last, and if the worst came to the worst they would die together.

At last an opening was reached, and young Pickwick breathed more freely.

Fortunately, the gypsy had provided himself with a flask of brandy.

He poured it down the Diddler's throat.

After a time the Diddler opened his eyes and gazed vacantly about the cellar.

But a smile lit up his wan face as he recognized young Pickwick and Dick Sancliff.

"Pickwick," he said, faintly, "how can I thank you, dear boy? You have saved me from a horrible fate—from being entombed alive."

"We have no time to waste," said the gypsy, roughly. "We must be gone, unless you want to be found here."

The Diddler was assisted to his feet, and led up the stairs.

He progressed slowly, for he was still weak and faint.

As they advanced toward the passage a peculiar smell seemed to fill the air.

Turning a sharp corner, they found that the passage was on fire.

They saw also the figure of the heavy-eyed man, who carried a torch in his hand.

"Villain, what have you done?" cried young Pickwick.

"Fools!" shrieked the heavy-eyed man, from the other side of the burning passage. "You have found your friend only to die with him. Thus I am revenged upon you all."

He went out and closed the front-door, leaving them alone in the burning house.

The gypsy and the boys were too stupefied to utter a word or make a movement while their first astonishment lasted.

But this over, they tried to dash through the smoke and flames.

The heat was too great, and they were driven back.

"We must reach the top of the house," said the gypsy. "It is our only chance."

He rushed up the stairs, closely followed by the boys.

They soon found themselves in the large top room.

"We are not much better off than we were before," observed young Pickwick.

"I don't see why we should give up hope—great mistake very," cried the Diddler, pointing to a large coil of rope in a corner of the room.

"It looks worn and old," said the gypsy, "but we must chance it."

The window was opened, and the rope made fast.

"Who is to go first?" asked the Diddler.

"You, of course," said young Pickwick.

The Diddler hesitated.

His generous nature revolted against leaving his friends in such danger.

Pickwick saw this.

"Go quickly," he said; "each moment you linger you but increase our peril."

Finding that resistance was useless, the Diddler threw himself out.

He speedily reached the ground.

Dick and Fitzsham also alighted in safety.

Then came the gypsy.

Ere he reached the ground, the rope gave way from above his head, and young Pickwick was left alone in the burning house.

His chums were half beside themselves with grief.

"Look here!" shouted the Diddler. "Why don't you jump? The window overhangs the river."

Young Pickwick saw the glare of the flames, and felt the suffocating smoke.

"Anything is better than this," he cried, and made the leap into the black darkness.

He fell into the water with a loud splash.

But he was a good swimmer, and mechanically made for the bank.

He found his chums.

They were delighted at his escape.

The gypsy without a word led the way to where they had left the boat.

The boys looked back at the burning house, as they pulled away to the opposite shore.

"Nice narrow escape, and no mistake," said the Diddler, pressing young Pickwick's hand.

"Yes," said young Pickwick, as they left the boat and were about to hurry up the river bank.

"Halloa!" cried Fitzsham; "where is the gypsy?"

They called to him, but in vain.

"Well, we can't stay here all night," observed young Pickwick, "and perhaps he won't thank us for shouting after him."

"Very likely you are right," said the Diddler. "Let's be off."

They hurried away with all speed.

"You have saved my life, Picky," said the Diddler.

"Then we are quits," said young Pickwick; "didn't you save me from the mad bull."

The Diddler shrugged his shoulders.

"You have done more for me than I can ever do for you, Pickwick, dear boy," he said, earnestly.

"Oh, I say, turn it up," said Pickwick, coloring. "Can't we talk about something else?"

"Anything to please you," said the Diddler. "What's to be done now? Can't go back to the school at present—don't like the idea—'pon honor."

"We will do anything you like to suggest," said Fitzsham, earnestly.

"Wait till we have had time to think," said the Diddler; "feel queer on my pins—awkward, very."

"A night's rest will do you good, old boy," cried young Pickwick.

"Wouldn't it?" said the Diddler; "but where are we to sleep? Cold stones won't do—unpleasant, rather. Just as you make the stones warm, policeman says, 'Move on.'"

"Oh, we have got some beds at an eating-house," said young Pickwick.

"Neat and clean, I hope," said the Diddler. "Don't mind poverty—but object to dirt—'pon honor."

"Oh, that's all right enough," said young Pickwick; "and Swags is handy if you want a warming-pan."

"Swags!" exclaimed the Diddler, with a grin. "Why did you let him come? Must have been in the way, and no mistake."

Young Pickwick hastened to explain that Swags had refused to stay behind.

"Well, he isn't a bad sort, after all," said the Diddler, "but he has got a regular good appetite."

They had reached the eating-house by this time.

After partaking of a good supper, the Diddler and his friends went to bed.

The fat boy was stretched upon his back, snoring loudly.

The Diddler bent over him.

"Here, wake up, old fellow," he cried.

Swags opened his eyes.

Next moment he gave a loud scream, and buried his face in his pillow.

"Oh, the Diddler's dead!" he yelled; "and his ghost's come to see I don't eat so much!"

"Don't be a fool, Swags," cried young Pickwick, angrily. "He is really the Diddler."

The fat boy lifted his head, and cautiously put out his hand.

"Let me feel him," he cried.

When he discovered that the Diddler was indeed flesh and blood his joy knew no bounds.

In his great joy he took a sticky jam tart from under his pillow, and presented it to the Diddler, saying:

"Here, old fellow, you eat this."

The eccentric youth was touched.

He felt that the fat boy must indeed esteem him highly to make such a sacrifice.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

### FACE TO FACE.

DICK and young Pickwick rose in high spirits on the following morning, for they had found the object of their search.

They agreed to take a walk and look about them.

But they would not let the Diddler out of their sight, and compelled him to share their morning walk.

They went along arm-in-arm with their chum, as though fearful of losing him again.

"Halloa!" cried the Diddler, suddenly; "here's our friend the gypsy."

"Where?" asked young Pickwick.

But even as he spoke his eyes lighted on the gypsy, who was standing in a doorway.

He looked pale and haggard.

It was evident that he had had no sleep on the previous night.

"Halloa!" said the Diddler; "what brings you here so early?"

"Revenge!" said the gypsy, in a hollow voice.

"What do you mean?" said Pickwick.

"I will explain," returned the gypsy, "if you have the time and inclination to listen."

"We are all attention," said young Pickwick.

"I suppose you were startled by my sudden disappearance?" said the gypsy, in very abrupt tones.

Young Pickwick nodded.

"I was following the heavy-eyed man," said the gypsy. "He is with Tom Ely, and they both believe us dead."

The gypsy paused and looked at the boys.

"Well," said young Pickwick, impatiently, "what do you want us to do?"

The gypsy looked at the boys meaningly.

"I leave the rest to you," he said, and turned away.

"Stop!" cried young Pickwick; "we do not understand you."

"Then you are duller than I thought," said the gypsy, shaking off the detaining hand which young Pickwick had placed upon his arm.

"One word more," said young Pickwick. "Where is the heavy-eyed man?"

"I will tell you," began the gypsy.

"But what are three boys against a powerful man?" interrupted Dick.

"If you do not wish to follow Leadbitter and Tom Ely, you need not," said the gypsy, coldly.

"We should be glad to watch their actions from a safe distance, if we thought it would do any good," observed young Pickwick.

"It will do good," returned the gypsy. "Tom and the heavy-eyed man are about to leave the country. Leadbitter has converted much of the property which the Diddler says belongs to him into gold, and intends to run off with the deeds of the estate."

"He shan't do it," cried the Diddler, excitedly. "I would sooner die than let him get the better of me. I am only a boy and he's a man, but we shall see who will win."

"That's right," said young Pickwick, slapping him on the back.

"He will leave by the Dover coach at ten this morning, accompanied by Tom Ely," said the gypsy.

"What can we do to stop him?" asked young Pickwick. "We have no proofs."

The gypsy seemed anxious to leave the town, and retrace his steps to the fields and lanes.

"I leave all that to you," said the gypsy, hurrying away.

The boys stood looking after him until his tall figure disappeared from view.

They were all in a great state of excitement; but the Diddler was nearly frantic.

He felt that his property would be stolen away, and he had only his two chums to support him.

"I would sooner wring the heavy-eyed man's neck than let him make off with my money," he said, angrily.

"What is the use of standing talking the time away?" cried young Pickwick. "Let's set out on our errand at once."

"Certainly," said the Diddler, with something of his old manner. "No time to spare—hurry up, my lads."

"Shall I run back to the house and leave a message for Fitzsham and the fat boy?" said Dick.

"Can't spare the time," said the Diddler; "they are sure to fall on their feet."

So the boys started off.

"Halloa," said the Diddler, looking up at a clock, "quarter to ten—sharp's the word—'pon honor."

The boys renewed their exertions, and speedily reached the public-house from whence the Dover coach was to start.

A neighboring clock struck the hour of ten, but the coach had not yet lumbered out of the yard.

Just in front of the inn stood the cloaked figure of the heavy-eyed man.

He was talking to Tom Ely.

As luck would have it, their backs were turned to the boys, who, on beholding them, took the precaution to screen themselves from view behind a large wagon that was standing in the yard.

They could thus see without being seen.

They had barely concealed themselves from view when Tom Ely and the heavy-eyed man turned round.

There was a triumphant smile on the latter's face.

"The ruffian," muttered young Pickwick, "he thinks that we are dead, and is rejoicing over it."

"Yes," said the Diddler. "He little thinks how near we are to him—should like to give him a playful one on the conk—and no mistake."

"Don't talk so loud," said young Pickwick. "Do you want to be overheard?"

"Mum's the word, dear boy," returned the Diddler, putting his fingers on his lips.

No more was said.

They strained their ears in their attempt to gather some fragment of the conversation that was passing between Tom Ely and the heavy-eyed man.

Mr. Leadbitter unconsciously played into their hands by coming over to the wagon and leaning his back against it.

"I shall be glad when we are far away from here," said the voice of Tom Ely.

"What have you to be frightened of?" said the heavy-eyed man, angrily. "The Diddler and his friends have been burned to death, and dead men tell no tales."

"I don't know," said Tom Ely, nervously; "but I shall feel safer when we are inside the coach."

"Don't know," said the heavy-eyed man, contemptuously. "Is this my reward for all I have done for your sake?"

"And his own, too," muttered young Pickwick, under his breath.

"I am not frightened of anything but being found out," said Tom Ely, almost defiantly.

The heavy-eyed man was about to retort, when the coach came noisily rambling up, and put a stop to further conversation.

In another instant all was bustle and confusion.

People appeared as if by magic, and rushed about in all directions.

Tom Ely and the heavy-eyed man walked toward the coach.

They were keenly watched by young Pickwick and his chums.

"Why did the gypsy send us here?" cried the Diddler; "we can do nothing."

"I don't see what we can do," said young Pickwick, looking after the heavy-eyed man, who was just entering the coach. "We might just as well have stopped away."

"I shall rush out and clutch hold of him," cried the Diddler, excitedly.

Despite his friend's efforts to detain him he was about to rush out of his place of concealment, when he saw something which transfixed him with astonishment.

A chaise drawn by an old brown horse came dashing into the yard.

It was a yellow chaise with light-blue wheels, and from it alighted Doctor Waddle and his friend Miffins.

"I wonder what has brought them here?" said Dick.

"They have come up to look for us, of course," returned young Pickwick.

Miffins and the doctor were about to enter the inn, when the latter caught sight of Tom Ely and the heavy-eyed man seated in the coach.

"Halloa!" said the doctor, looking in at them; "where are you going?"

"A little way in the country," said the heavy-eyed man, evasively.

He and Tom Ely were alone in the coach, the other passengers being engaged in exchanging farewells with their friends.

"Oh," said the doctor, lifting his eyebrows; "then how is it that your boxes bear the label 'Paris'?"

The heavy-eyed man changed color.

"I think you had better relinquish all idea of the journey at present," said the doctor, blandly. "Come, be good enough to alight, my dear sir; I wish to speak to you."

"And what if I refuse?" hissed the heavy-eyed man.

"In such case I should be under the painful necessity of calling for help, and telling all I know,” said the doctor, still more blandly.

With a muttered curse, the heavy-eyed man left the coach; Tom Ely, who was pale and trembling, followed his example.

“You have been playing the spy on me,” cried the heavy-eyed man, with an angry gesture, as he walked beside the doctor.

“You are mistaken, my dear sir,” returned the doctor. “I am looking for some ungrateful boys who have run away from school.

The heavy-eyed man frowned.

It was evident that he did not altogether believe this statement, although he knew it had some foundation.

“Perhaps you could give me some information about the boys,” said the doctor, with a covert glance at the heavy eyed man.

“I?” said the heavy-eyed man, angrily; “how should I? Why do you ask me such a question?—I am not their keeper.”

“Don't get in such a temper about it,” said the doctor; “I make no accusations; the police may.”

“Curses light on you!” exclaimed the heavy-eyed man; “what do you mean?”

The doctor fell back, frightened.

“What's the row?” cried Miffins, coming up. “I doesn't like to see gentlemen fall out.”

The heavy-eyed man was only too glad to find some one to attack.

“Who are you?” he asked, savagely.

“I am a gentleman o' property,” said Miffins, “and I've got more nor many gentlemen can boast of, and that's a good pair of fists, so just you keep clear of me if you don't want your beauty spoiled.”

The heavy-eyed man gave Miffins one of his awe-inspiring looks.

“Glare away and stare away,” cried Miffins; “it don't hurt me. If you want to fight, I am your man.”

The heavy-eyed man stared at him in amazement.

“I was not aware that you kept a private lunatic asylum, Doctor Waddle,” he observed.

“Oh, I'm a lunatic, am I?” yelled Miffins, suddenly losing his temper. “If yer see that again you'll have a beautiful back-hander over the nose, and so I tell you.”

The boys enjoyed this scene highly.

“I wish Miffins would keep his word,” said the Diddler. “The heavy-eyed man wants a drubbing—do him good, and no mistake.”

“I shouldn't advise Miffins to tackle him,” observed young Pickwick.

The Diddler made no reply.

The scene between Miffins and the heavy-eyed man riveted his attention.

Off went Miffins's coat, and that gentleman confidingly handed it to a bystander.

“Come on,” he cried, throwing his hat on the pavement, “come on; you calls me a lunatic, do yer?”

He flung himself into a fighting attitude, and prepared to attack the heavy-eyed man, who was standing with his hand in his pocket.

“Put up yer fists; I am going to give you a stunner on your nose,” cried Miffins.

The heavy-eyed man took not the slightest notice of this intimation.

He stood in his old position, with his sullen gaze fixed upon the ground.

“I tell yer to put up yer fists, cos the lunatic's going to fight you!” yelled Miffins.

Still the heavy-eyed man moved not.

“I tell yer I'm a-coming,” cried Miffins, dashing forward.

A moment later he found himself, to his intense astonishment, face-downward in a horse-trough.

He tried to rise, but a strong hand kept him down.

“Do you want to murder me?” gurgled Miffins. “You are a cowardly humbug, that's what you are!”

“Say that again,” cried the heavy-eyed man, making Miffins's head bob up and down in the water, and I drown you in this trough.”

Miffins declined to say it again.

He would have been unable to say anything more in this world had not some of the bystanders come to his assistance.

This was the first time Miffins had ever been “bested.”

On being released he did not pause to thank the bystanders, but marched into the inn to comfort himself with a glass of old ale.

The doctor rather timidly approached the heavy-eyed man.

“I am sorry you allowed your temper to get the better of you,” he said.

“What?” said the heavy-eyed man, sharply.

“Nothing, my dear, sir; nothing,” said the doctor, soothingly. “Why will you work yourself into such a passion?”

The heavy-eyed man roughly shook off the hand that was placed upon his arm.

“You have something to say to me,” he said. “Say it as briefly as possible.”

“I will, my dear sir, I will,” said the doctor, and he added, in a whisper: “what has become of the Diddler?”

“Fool,” said the heavy-eyed man, with a hasty glance over his shoulder, “is this the place to ask me such a question?”

And without waiting for an answer he stalked into the inn and asked to be shown into a private room.

Doctor Waddle quickly followed him.

The boys behind the cart exchanged glances.

“What's to be done now?” said young Pickwick.

“I know,” said the Diddler. “You just stay here till I come back—shan't be long—don't stir, or you will spoil all.”

“Where are you going?” asked young Pickwick, anxiously. “Don't expose yourself to any unnecessary danger.”

“Oh, I'll take care of myself,” said the Diddler, confidently.

He paid no heed to young Pickwick's remonstrances, but leaving the shelter of the wagon, made his way round to the back of the inn.

Suddenly he heard the sound of voices coming from an open window just above his head.

The voices belonged to Doctor Waddle and the heavy-eyed man.

“I think I could manage it,” said the Diddler, looking at the balcony.

Hastily climbing up the woodwork, he cautiously peered into the room.

Doctor Waddle was standing before the heavy-eyed man, who had thrown himself into a chair, and sat with folded arms looking into the empty grate.

“So you have got rid of the Diddler,” said the doctor. “Shipped him off to some comfortable place where he will be happy ever afterward? Well, I am very glad to hear it; but about the other boys, my dear sir? I must have them back, you know.”

“What do you want with them?” said the heavy-eyed man, impatiently.

“Their parents will be wanting to know what has become of them,” returned Doctor Waddle.

“The young fools threw themselves across my path,” said the heavy-eyed man, moodily.

“No doubt,” said the doctor. “I'll punish them for it most severely.”

“You can't,” said the heavy-eyed man, abruptly. “They are silent with the Diddler.”

“What, dead?” exclaimed the doctor, falling back.

“Yes,” said the heavy-eyed man, “through no fault of mine. In a vain attempt to release the Diddler, they set fire to the house in which he was concealed, and it was burnt to the ground, and they all perished.”

“I shall have to shut up my school,” said the doctor, mopping his face with his pocket-handkerchief. “You have ruined me.”

“I?” said the heavy-eyed man, shrugging his shoulders; “how have I ruined you?”

“Why,” said the doctor, “if I hadn't come upon you in the nick of time, you would have flown the country without giving me a single farthing, after all your promises.”

“I should have written,” said the heavy-eyed man.

“To make terms with me from a safe distance,” observed the doctor. “Thank you, my dear sir; I prefer matters as they are.”

The heavy-eyed man made no reply to this.

He still sat looking at the empty grate.

“What could have possessed you to set fire to the house?” said the doctor, looking at the heavy-eyed man with aversion.

“Don't I tell you it was young Pickwick who set fire to the place by overturning a lamp!” said the heavy-eyed man, angrily.

“Liar and murderer!” cried the Diddler, forgetting all prudence in his indignation.

Directly the words had left his lips he felt alarmed at his rashness, and turned to fly.

But he came face to face with Tom Ely.

## CHAPTER LXXII.

### FITZSHAM AND THE FAT BOY.

MEANWHILE, Swags and the exhausted Fitzsham had been routed out of bed by the indignant landlord.

“Get up! Does yer expect to sleep all day?” he asked, angrily.

Fitzsham was about to make some indignant reply, when Swags plucked him by the sleeve.

“Don't put him out,” whispered the fat boy.

“Why not?” asked Fitzsham.

“'Cause he might kick us out of the house before we has our breakfast.”

“Oh, you are always thinking of your stomach,” said Fitzsham, turning up his aristocratic nose.

“Where's the others?” said the fat boy, suddenly looking round the room.

“Most likely down-stairs tucking into the grub,” returned Fitzsham.

“Very sensible of 'em,” observed the fat boy. “That's what we ought to be doing.”

Fitzsham did not think it necessary to make any reply, but walked down-stairs.

He was speedily followed by Swags.

“Why, where have they all got to?” cried Fitzsham, looking about for his chums.

“Your friends went out afore I was up,” observed the landlord.

“Let's go and look for 'em,” said the fat boy. “It is my firm conviction that the Diddler has been copped.”

“If you can't say anything more sensible than that, you had better hold your tongue,” said Fitzsham.

But he felt very anxious and ill at ease.

After partaking of a hearty breakfast, the two boys started in search of their friends.

More than once the fat boy bumped against some pedestrian hurrying to his destination.

“Out of the way, you fat stupid!” cried one man, and was out of sight before Swags could retort.

“I wish you would mind where you are going,” said Fitzsham, hotly.

As he spoke the fat boy turned a corner, and ran into a man who was coming in the opposite direction.

Swags objected to such treatment, and so did the man.

Down went the man one way and Swags the other.

“Get out of my way!” yelled the latter, getting up and pushing Swags against an irascible old gentleman, who immediately punched the fat boy's head.

“Am I amongst savages?” cried the fat boy, “that I can't have twenty winks as I go along the street?”

The bystanders laughed.

“Why didn't you bring out a feather bed and lay it down in the middle of the road?” cried one.

“Because I object to being run over; it would not do me any good,” returned the fat boy, gravely.

“It would be the best thing that could happen to you,” cried the irascible old gentleman.

“He ought to be given in charge for obstructing the thoroughfare,” observed the man whom Swags had injured, rubbing his waistcoat.

“What's all this row about?” said a gentleman in blue, coming forward.

“This fat boy is obstructing the thoroughfare,” said the irascible old gentleman.

“Come, now,” said the gentleman, “take your hook!”

“Shan't!” said Swags, defiantly.

“What's your business here?” said the gentleman in blue.

“I'm waiting for a friend,” said Swags, who was too indignant to be very particular about the truth.

“Then you'll have to wait somewhere else,” said the gentleman in blue; “you block up the road. Come, move on, or I'll run you in.”

He gave the bloated youth a smart push as he spoke, but could not make him move an inch.

“Come, Swags,” said Fitzsham, taking his arm and trying to draw him away. “If you stay here you will get into trouble.”

“Don't you go for to interfere with me in the execution of my duty!” cried the gentleman in blue, knocking Fitzsham over the nose. “Shouldn't wonder if you was one of his accomplices.”

“What do you mean?” said Fitzsham.

“I mean,” said the gentleman in blue, “that you are a swell mobsman, and brings out this 'ere big-bodied boy to collect a crowd.”

“I am nothing of the kind,” cried Fitzsham.

Much to his relief, Swags, having somewhat recovered his temper, allowed himself to be led down the street.

The gentleman in blue turned on his heel, leaving Swags and Fitzsham to the tender mercies of the crowd.

Their heels were kicked and all kinds of insults were heaped upon their devoted heads.

At last Fitzsham found a quiet street, down which he turned, glad to get the fat boy out of the noise and bustle, which seemed to bewilder him.

As they went along they observed a lanky Italian with a number of statuettes on a large tray.

He was resting the tray against an iron railing.

“Look at them statues,” said Swags, pointing to the chalk figures the man had on his board.

“Well, what of them?” said Fitzsham, indifferently.

“I should like one very much,” observed Swags, confidentially, “if they were only made of sugar.”

At that moment the lanky Italian lifted the tray upon his head.

“Be careful!” shouted Swags, “or you will drop it.”

But the warning came too late.

The tray fell to the ground with a loud crash, and the statuettes were shattered to atoms.

It was a pitiful sight.

The Italian burst into tears and crouched down on the pavement.

“Haven't you got any more to sell at home?” said Swags.

“No,” answered the Italian, shaking his head. “I came all the way from Italy to sell them t'ings, and now I ruined man!”

He continued to shake his head from side to side.

Fitzsham was proud, but his heart was good.

He did not like to see the poor Italian in such a state of mind.

“Poor fellow,” he said; “I pity you.”

“Oh, what shall I do? Pity not much good,” observed the poor Italian.

So thought Fitzsham.

He put his hand in his pocket and drew out half a sovereign. It was the last.

“What are you going to do?” asked Swags, who generally looked after number one.

“I am going to give it to the poor Italian,” returned Fitzsham.

“Don't,” cried Swags. “Think what we could buy with it, and I'm getting so very hungry.”

But Fitzsham would not listen to him.

He put the coin in the Italian's hand, trusting that it would help to compensate him for his loss, and that his example would be followed by others.

This was enough for the crowd, and the Italian's wooden tray was speedily loaded with coppers.

“Thankee,” said the son of the south, very politely lifting his old cap.

“Halloa!” said a voice in Fitzsham's ear.

And looking round, he beheld a gentleman in blue.

The same gentleman who had told Swags to move on.

“Halloa!” he repeated, catching Fitzsham by the collar. “I have caught you at your games!”

“Let me go!” cried Fitzsham, haughtily. “I have done nothing.”

“Done nothink!” repeated the gentleman in blue. “Haven't you been a-gammoning the public? You are a pal of that 'ere Italian's. I know your tricks.”

“What do you mean?” said Fitzsham.

“Oh, no; you never arranges for him to break his lumps of clay, and then goes and gives him money to make the public follow your example!”

A light broke in upon Fitzsham.

It was the meek Italian's habit to drop his tray of goods in order to collect double their value.

“Then that Italian has cheated me!” cried Fitzsham. “Instead of being a confederate I am a dupe.”

“Don't pretend to be so precious innocent,” cried the gentleman in blue; “it don't go down, and so I tell you.”

“Look here,” cried Fitzsham; “if you were not a born idiot, you would turn your attention to the Italian rascal.”

The man hesitated, but finally consented to take Fitzsham's advice.

Of course, the Italian was nowhere to be seen.

He had slunk off, grinning at the English for being so green and good-natured.

“Well, I'm blowed if he ain't taken his hook,” said the gentleman in blue.

“Of course he has,” said Fitzsham, as he walked away.

“I say!” said Swags.

“What?” asked Fitzsham, shortly.

“Didn't I tell you not to part with your money? I didn't think you would be so soft.”

“Hold your row,” said Fitzsham.

He could not recover from his annoyance at being cheated by the lean Italian.

“Look what nice things we might have had if you had only taken my advice,” said Swags, smacking his lips. “I admire charity, but I wouldn't give a penny to an undeserving person.”

“Don't tell such a falsehood,” cried Fitzsham. “You would rather buy a tart than give a penny in charity.”

Swags made no reply to this.

It was a hot day, and he did not care to enter into an argument.

After they had been walking about for some time he again spoke.

“Don't yer feel hungry?” he said.

“Rather,” said Fitzsham.

“And we haven't got a penny between us,” groaned Swags.

“Not a penny,” said Fitzsham. “You were right; I was a fool to part with my money.”

For a time Swags closed his eyes and relapsed into thought.

He suddenly opened his eyes and gave a loud chuckle.

“What are you grinning at?” asked Fitzsham.

“I've got a good reason for laughing,” returned the fat boy. “Lor', to think that I should be so near!”

“So near what?” asked Fitzsham.

“My mother's house,” returned Swags. “Come on, I know you're hungry—I am. Oh, we'll have such a feed, and a good lark, too!”

(To be continued.)

“Young Pickwick's Schooldays” was commenced in No. [illegible].

## THE LATE FRANK LESLIE.

(Continued from page [illegible].)

In 1865, Mr. Leslie started the *Chimney Corner*, the editing of which, together with that of the *Lady's Magazine*, he relegated to his wife—the object of his second marriage being a lady of the very highest intellectual attainments, and of the most æsthetic culture—and this illustrated fireside friend at once took up a position in literature which is neither claimed nor occupied by any other known periodical.

In rapid succession, Mr. Leslie published the *Boys' and Girls' Weekly*, *Pleasant Hours*, the *Lady's Journal*, also edited by Mrs. Leslie, the *Popular Monthly*, the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Budget of Wit*, and *Chatterbox*. In addition to the foregoing, he published the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, in German, a journal which is now the recognized organ of the German-speaking people on this continent. Mr. Leslie published reprints of the novels that from time to time appeared in the columns of his various periodicals, books of travel, and other works, too numerous to set forth here. The superb *Historical Register of the Centennial Exposition* was regarded by its publisher with feelings of commendable pride, furnishing, as it did, a permanent, truthful, and beautiful chronicle of the Congress of Nations assembled in friendly competition in Philadelphia, in 1876, affording a complete history of exhibitive effort in the past, and an artistic and discriminating record of the great Centennial, the entire work being illustrated in the highest style of art, and forming a magnificent memorial of the colossal Exhibition.

For range of enterprise, no publisher can compare with Mr. Leslie. While others have contented themselves with catering to one class only of the reading public, and narrowing their efforts to one periodical, Frank Leslie has provided mental *pabulum* for all classes of society, and with a directness of purpose and a success which have covered the entire field. His Illustrated Newspaper is the only national newspaper ever published in America, not limiting itself to the mere reproduction of European engravings, but illustrating the current history of American events, so that it supplies a pictorial record of the times we live in. The *Chimney Corner*, on the other hand, deals with the literary events of the household, and supplies a liberal education for every member of the family, while the same admirable appliances to special wants of the community are to be found in Frank Leslie's other periodicals.

It is in nowise an overstatement to say that no man has done so much for the general artistic education of the American people as Frank Leslie. He seized upon every improvement in engraving, to apply it to the public want, with the result, that now our illustrated literature is fully equal to that of the most advanced of the European nations. The rapidity with which he published elaborate engravings was also another triumph of skill. Large, double-paged engravings, which heretofore demanded two weeks at the hands of the most rapid and most skillful workmen, were, by Frank Leslie's invention, put upon the wood and engraved in a single night. By his system, the block is divided into thirty-two pieces to the page, by which means thirty-two engravers can work upon the same picture at the same time. A single instance of the value of the invention will suffice. A double-page illustration of the execution of John Brown was given in the Illustrated Newspaper. The artists arrived in New York with their sketches upon the evening subsequent to the execution. Shortly after midnight the engraving was on the press, and in the morning a vivid representation of the scene and its surroundings was in the hands of the public. Mr. Leslie was the first publisher in America, or, perhaps, in the world, who maintained a full engraving establishment for his own publications alone. And yet so large and so constant is the demand created by the various illustrated publications upon the engraving corps, that outside labor is being almost continually employed.

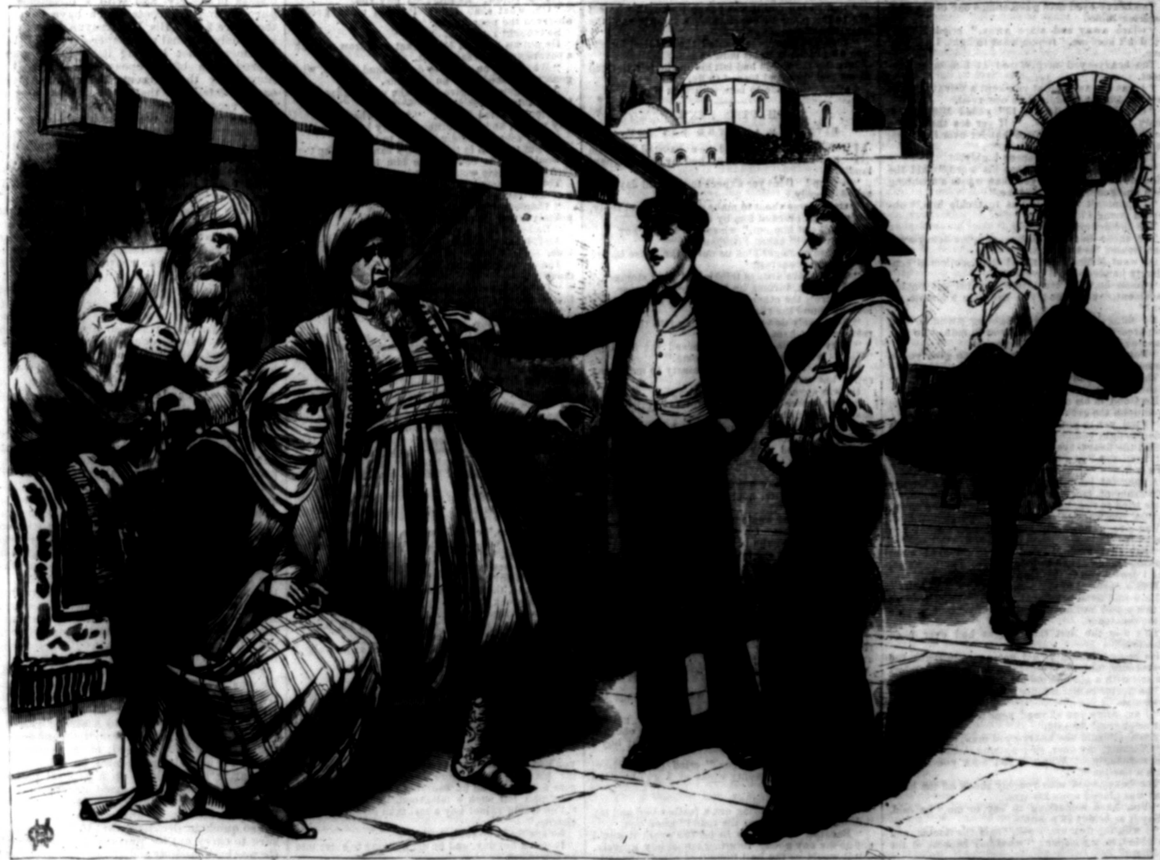
Frank Leslie was whole-souled and earnest. He was very intuitive, taking in every situation at a glance, and grasping a new idea with wondrous rapidity. He read character and motive intuitively. He had a strong reasoning mind, original, inventive, critical and analytical. He was possessed of a marvelous ability for organizing business, for calculating, estimating, and making up a general plan of action. He had a very great degree of perseverance and determination of mind after he had once settled upon any purpose or plan, but not so quick in deciding what to do as he was sure to carry out his purposes when formed. He was both familiar and affable, and exercised immense personal influence over his friends and those by whom he was surrounded. He was frank, open-hearted, candid, liberal in his feelings, and more truly natural in his life than are most men. In his friendship Mr. Leslie was strong as steel. To him the word friend meant his *alter ego*, and if friendship be the shadow of the evening which strengthens the setting sun of life, then did Frank Leslie's sun sink in a very blaze of light. There probably never lived an employer more respected and loved by those whom he employed than Frank Leslie. Gentle, courteous, yet firm withal, his personal magnetism drew his employés toward him as the magnet attracts steel, and until a reproof, be it ever so mild, came to be regarded as a veritable calamity. He dearly loved his art-department, and often after a rough skirmish in the great battle, would he repair to the artists' room, and there, pencil in hand, help the beginner, suggest to the experienced, and criticise the work of the expert. The testimonial presented to him by the Art Department was one which he set considerable store by, and nothing ever caused him greater pleasure than the triumphs of the “boys,” who, having quitted the parent nest, had made name and fame in the outside world of art. He was generous to a fault, and merely valued money for what it could produce. His charity was unostentatious, and many an employé has had his full salary for months while prostrated on the bed of sickness or disabled in the service through overwork or over-anxiety. One employé he sent to Europe to recruit, paying all expenses and continuing his full salary. He provided for the widow and children of a second, and made the condition of families left destitute his especial care. When he repaired to Europe he brought back a souvenir of his trip to every one of his artists, while the tact and delicacy with which he would bestow a favor rendered it doubly acceptable to the recipient. When reverses came upon him, mainly owing to imprudent speculations in real estate at Saratoga and elsewhere, he met them with a high courage, a noble patience and a superb dignity.

Mr. Leslie, in his time, had many honors conferred upon him. Among the earliest, the Medal of the American Institute for wood-engraving—this in 1848, the year of his arrival in this country. He was appointed a Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition of 1867, in the Department of Fine Arts, and was presented with the prize gold medal by the Emperor Napoleon III. in person. Again, in 1876, he was selected as State Commissioner for the State of New York to the Centennial, and elected President of the Commission.

He was a member of the Manhattan Club, the Jockey Club, and was one of the earliest supporters of the Lotos. As a Mason he stood very high in the Order, and belonged to the aristocratic Holland Lodge. He had a strong love for animals, and to Frank Leslie's "thorough" support Mr. Bergh owes much of the success of his efforts in aid of the suppression of cruelty to dumb brutes. Mr. Leslie's hospitality was unbounded, and the *fêtes* given at his picturesque and enchanting residence at Saratoga claim a world-wide celebrity. It was here that Mr. and Mrs. Leslie entertained the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, and hither, from time to time, have the celebrities of this and other countries made pleasant pilgrimages. The house was designed by Mr. Leslie; he was his own landscape-gardener, and his tender feeling for the beautiful never more clearly evinced itself than in the delicate manner in which he contrived to blend the loveliness of nature with the witcheries of art.

Frank Leslie has gone, but the work of his genius and enterprise lives after him, writing his epitaph on the pages of his adopted country. Well did he exemplify, in his calm awaiting of death, that—

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."



MY ADVENTURE IN TURKEY.—"'DID I EVER MEET YOU IN TAUNTON, SIR?' I ASKED. THE START WHICH HE GAVE NEARLY SHOOK HIM OUT OF HIS SLIPPERS."

Never deceive, for the heart, once misled, can never trust wholly again.

## THE "CALCULATING" BOY.

BY this name was known an eminent engineer, who died only a short time ago (in 1878), and the story of its origin is not without interest. In an address which Mr. Bidder delivered before the Institute of Civil Engineers, of which he became the president in the year 1860, he endeavored to account to his audience for the success which had attended him in his career; and this he attributed to the fact that he had in early life devoted himself assiduously to the study of mental arithmetic. The father of George Bidder was a working mason, and his elder brother, who also followed the same occupation, commenced instructing him, when a very little boy, to count up to ten, and then he proceeded, by reckoning the numbers over and over in tens, until he counted up to one hundred. At this time he did not know one written or printed figure from another, nor was he aware that there was such a word as "multiply;" but having become proficient in counting up to one hundred, he set about in his own original way to learn the multiplication table; and this he did by obtaining a small bag of shot, which he arranged into squares, each line containing, of course, an equal number of shot, and thus—supposing there were ten in every line—he learned to multiply up to ten times ten, and so on. Near to his father's house there lived a good-hearted old blacksmith, and with him the little boy seems to have formed an acquaintance, and to have been permitted to run about the workshop. Soon, as he grew and got stronger, young Bidder was allowed the privilege of blowing the bellows for the blacksmith, and on Winter evenings would often be found perched on a seat near the forge, and listening to stories which the old man would sometimes tell. On such occasions neighbors would drop in and listen, and one day some one seems to have inquired by chance what a certain calculation was—perhaps nine times twelve—and the boy spoke up and stated it correctly at once, much to the astonishment of those present. Other questions were then put to him, but he answered all with equal ease; and it is said that at length, in trying to baffle the lad, the numbers that were given to him to mentally calculate became so high that the questioners had to work out the sums with chalk on a board to see if the answers were right, and they were always found so. The boy now very soon came to be looked upon as a prodigy, and coppers seemed to have flowed into his pocket as rewards for his remarkable doings, and he persevered more than ever in his study of arithmetic; and we are told that he progressed so favorably that before long the multiplication table up to a million was quite familiar to him. Looked upon now as one of the wonders of the day, the lad at this period publicly exhibited his powers of mental calculation in various places, and became known as the "Calculating Boy." After a time he became an engineer, and succeeded in gaining the friendship of George Stephenson, and the powers of reasoning which he had cultivated, as we have seen, in his boyhood, now stood him in great stead. He applied himself to the study of his profession with the same application as he had to the study of figures; and to these habits of perseverance formed in his early years were undoubtedly attributable the great ability and skill which he exercised during the remainder of his life in the various important engineering works with which he was associated.

◆

## CLANCARTY'S CHAPLAIN.

WHEN the Earl of Clancarty was captain of a man-of-war, and was cruising on the coast of Guinea, the chaplain of his ship was carried off by fever. Intelligence of the event was communicated to him by an old Scotch lieutenant, who, when he had told of the chaplain's death, remarked, with much feeling:

"And I'm sorry to inform your lordship that he died a confirmed Papist."

"Well," replied Clancarty, "I am heartily glad of that."

"Oh! No, no, my lord! Oh, no! How can you say that of a British clergyman?"

"Why," replied the earl, with entire seriousness and honesty, "because I believe, upon my soul, that I am the first captain of a man-of-war in the English navy who could boast of having had a chaplain who had any religion at all."

◆

Gold fish came originally from China, and, it is said, were introduced into Europe in 1691. All they need is plenty of fresh air and clean water. Never give them food; they will derive sufficient nutriment from the animalculæ in the water. Sometimes a fish seems less lively than usual, and on close inspection it will be found to have a sort of mealy look, and in a day or two this will turn out to be a parasitical fungus. There is no known remedy for this disease, and the only thing to be done is to throw the fish away, and thus save the others from infection.

◆

## MY ADVENTURE IN TURKEY.

TO those who were never in Constantinople my story will be new, for most people have queer ideas of Turkey and the Turks.

I know them like a book, and a more fanatical lot it never was my luck to meet anywhere—no, not among the Malays, and you'll all own that they are a hard lot.

It was nearly half a century ago that I was in Constantinople, a midshipman on the *Vincennes*.

One day I got a day's liberty ashore, and with our boatswain, Sam Pearson, I took a stroll through the queer old town.

It was about noon, and the sun was glinting on the tops of the minarets of the great mosques, and the city looked really beautiful.

But I knew that there was a heap of dirt and general meanness under all the outside show, and that those hideous vails the women wore covered some of the homeliest faces which ever beamed upon benighted man.

I was strolling along, looking this way and that, and caring nothing for the black looks which the natives give all foreigners, when I was attracted by loud voices in a shop near at hand, and we walked in and found the shop-keeper, as ugly an old brute as you would wish to see, cheapening some silk goods with a man whose appearance attracted me at once, simply because he was no more a Turk than you or I.

His face was tanned and shriveled; he was a Yankee.

He was talking the Turkish language, however, and in as broad a Yankee twang as you ever heard.

"Here's fun, Sam," I whispered. "If that man was not bred somewhere between Portland and Newport, then I don't know a Yankee when I see one. Be looking over the goods. Look wise, just as if you were going to buy out the shop."

So Sam began to turn over the nick-nacks on the counter, and converse in dumb show with the shopman, while I looked hard at the old fellow who stood next to me.

I was just going to begin on him, when I saw that there was a lady sitting next to him—a lady closely vailed, but whose every motion showed that she had at least a beautiful figure.

The eyes which glanced at me through two holes in the vail were beautiful, and somehow they stopped me just as I was on the verge of saying something.

I stuttered and stammered, and finally got up and touched the old man on the shoulder.

"Did I ever meet you in Taunton, sir?" I asked.

The start which he gave nearly shook him out of his slippers.

"Bishmilla!" he said to the shopman, "what does the Giaour mean? Where is this place which he calls by so rude a name, Mustapha?"

The old man shook off my hand quickly.

"Shadow of the Prophet," he cried, "these dogs of unbelievers have no shame!"

"Oh, stow that," said Sam. "You've got a Yankee burr under your tongue, and you've got it bad, I tell you. Don't try to fool me."

"Come with me, my daughter," commanded the old man. "This is not the place for you."

They passed out, but as the girl went by a corner of her vail was brushed aside, and I saw as pretty a face as man cares to look at, and as for her being a Turkish woman—pshaw!

As she passed, her hand touched mine, and a small roll of paper remained in my palm.

Hurrying out, so as to keep them in view, I unfolded the paper, and read these words, written in good English:

"Follow and save me."

She had found a chance while she sat at the counter to write this upon a small piece of paper and pass it to me.

"Come on, Sam," I said; "we have got to keep those people in sight."

They passed down several streets, and at last entered a rather pretentious-looking house.

The moment the door closed upon the girl the man came back with a quick step and met us.

"You two have been sharp enough to see that I am not a Turk by birth," he said, in very good English. "Never mind that. I was driven out of my country in disgrace, and have found here a refuge which I could find nowhere else. And now, let me give you a word of warning. I am a man of influence in Constantinople, and I give you my word

TALKS WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—IN AND AROUND TOKIO, JAPAN.—VIEW OF THE NIPPON BASSI CANAL AND BRIDGE.

that if you are seen in the streets again it will go hard with you."

"You are a renegade, then?"

"Call me that if you like. It is not material to me in any way what you may say or think. But I tell you, for your own safety, to go back to your ship."

"I'll do as I think best about that," I retorted. "You must understand I'm interested in you. Why don't you ask me in and introduce me to your daughter like a man?"

But he was getting furious and we went away, but only to turn into another street and come up at the back of the house.

Scarcely had we done so when a window above opened, and a small white hand threw a note to me.

"Go," she said, softly. "You are not safe here."

We obeyed her at once, and when we reached a safe place I opened it and read:

"You were right when you thought us Americans," she wrote. "My father was guilty of a crime in his native land, and was forced to fly, taking me with him. He is wedded to his new faith, and eager for power here. To make his power greater he will sacrifice even his daughter to the sultan. You are a man, and I ask you to save me and give me the means to get back to my own country, where I have friends. I have faith in you. Come to-night after the prayer-signal sounds, and wait for me in the garden. ESTELLE."

It is no use to say that I was ready, and Sam was as eager as I was.

We went down to the wharf, and there I met the third lieutenant and told him all about it.

He was a young fellow, and at once took the matter up warmly, and ordered the boat's crew to wait for us while he went to an hotel, changed his clothing for a Turkish dress and gave us money to assume the same disguise, and as darkness fell we were in the garden waiting.

Five minutes later the girl came out into the garden and ran to me.

"Take me away, and lose no time," she cried.

Scarcely had she spoken when the door was flung open and half a dozen men rushed out.

"Take care of the girl, lieutenant," I whispered. "Sam and I will cover your retreat."

He caught her hand and swung her over the low wall, and we heard their footsteps dying away along the narrow street.

Some of the men tried to follow them, but we waded in to stop them, and we did the trick beautifully.

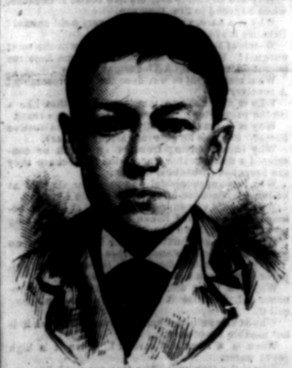
You never saw a worse used-up lot of Turks than they were when, five minutes later, we jumped over the wall and made for the landing where the boat was waiting, with the lieutenant and the girl in the stern-sheets.

Ten minutes later we were safe aboard, where the captain heard the story.

"Do not fear, my child," he said, quietly. "There are not Turks enough in the city to get you out of my hands. If your father comes here I will attend to him."

He came the next morning with two or three solemn-looking officials, and demanded his daughter.

"I suppose you have a right to claim her," the captain said; "but if you do, I shall make a claim upon the Turkish Government for the person of a criminal known as Gabriel Strong, who escaped from the city of Boston a few years since. Do you claim the young lady or not?"



J. ROBERT DOWIE, PUPIL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 27, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

You never saw such a change come over a man's face in your life.

The end of it was that he asked an interview with the captain, and when we sailed, ten days later, Miss Estelle Strong was a passenger.

It ought to have ended in my marrying the girl, but it didn't.

She fell in love with Lieutenant Sharp, and he married her.

As for the old man, we never heard of him again.

◆

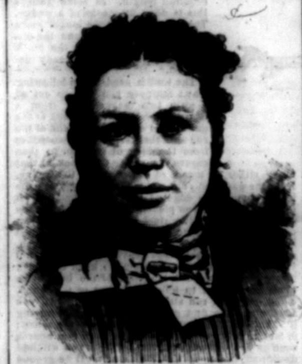
AN old bachelor at a wedding feast had the heartlessness to offer the following toast: "Marriage—the gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth."

## Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

### J. ROBERT DOWIE,

PUPIL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 27, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

J. ROBERT DOWIE is a sensible and manly-appearing pupil who was presented to us at Public School No. 27, Brooklyn, N. Y. He was born in Delaware County, N. Y., December 29th, 1866, making him in his fourteenth year. He is the son of William B. and Z. R. Dowie. When seven or eight years old he commenced going to school at Astoria, Long Island, and later he entered Public School No. 10, in Brooklyn, in the highest primary class. He next became a pupil in his present school in the fourth grammar class, and he is now in the second division of the first class. At all times he has been a well-behaved and improving pupil. In talking with him we were struck with his prompt and intelligent answers to our questions. The words were well chosen, he was self-possessed, and he is undoubtedly a boy of constant reflectiveness, both as to words and acts. He is extremely diligent, and gives patience and thought to every study. He is highly regarded by the Principal and teachers of the school, and gives promise of the highest success in the advanced studies. He has a well-formed head and agreeable manners. He is a fine example of perseverance under every difficulty.



MARY DONALDSON, PUPIL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 28, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

### MARY DONALDSON,

PUPIL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 28, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MARY DONALDSON is a girl who has won her way to distinction in scholarship, and to the highest regard of all connected with her school. She is a pupil of the first grammar class of Public School No. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y. She is the daughter of Adam and Agnes Donaldson, and was born in Glasgow, Scotland, March 31st, 1865, making her fourteen years of age. She was brought to this country when one year old. At the age of seven years she entered the lowest primary class of No. 28, and remained in the school until she reached the fourth primary class. She was then absent in North Carolina for some time, and on her return entered the second primary class. From that period she has been constantly in the school, and has gone from class to class with an excellent record. In the first class she has particularly distinguished herself. Her application and her ability to reason for herself have attracted much attention. She is always amiable, and her deportment is without fault. It is evidently a great pleasure for her to study, and her success is only a proper reward for such praiseworthy diligence. She is modest in her manners and sincere in her character.

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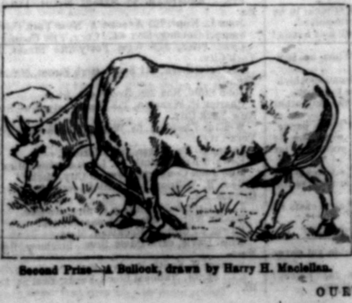
## Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

### IN AND AROUND TOKIO, JAPAN.

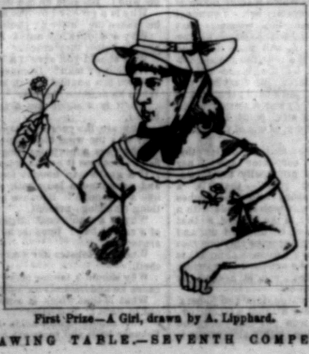
TOKIO is the capital of Japan—till recently we continued to call it by its ancient name of Jeddo—situated at the confluence of two rivers, and intersected by seven or eight of their tributaries, with interlocking canals, affording water communication through all parts of the city, and giving it the air of another Venice.

The chief canal is that of Nippon Bassi, so called from a bridge of that name, and from this elegant structure the finest view of the city is obtained. From its single arch, which rises to a great height, the city, with its rivers, bridges, streets and busy life, are unrolled, as in a panorama, before you. In the day the rivers swarm with the trading-boats, bearing wood, coal, bamboo, mats, fish, cases of all kinds, to and fro; but in the evening the gondolas, lighted up by lanterns, show the multitude of pleasure-seekers enjoying the luxury of a sail.

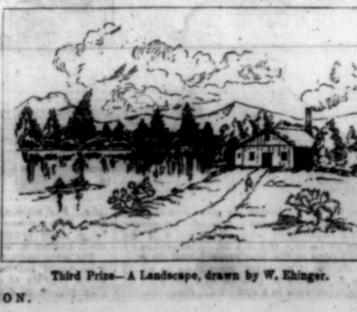
From this bridge, to the south, the eye rests on the snow-white summit of Fusiyama; on the right are the terraces, parks and towers, where the Ty-



Second Prize—A Bullock, drawn by Harry H. Maclellan.



First Prize—A Girl, drawn by A. Lipphard.



Third Prize—A Landscape, drawn by W. Ehinger.

OUR DRAWING TABLE.—SEVENTH COMPETITION.

coon once he'd royal state. The canal over which the bridge is thrown is lined with storehouses of silk and cotton goods, rice and *saké*, the great liquor of the country. On the left is the fish-market, where fish of immense size are found. As most of the traffic is carried on by water, the streets have few carts, and are filled chiefly by pedestrians, whose wooden shoes make a constant din, varied by street-cries and the confused hum from the boats.

A Japanese theatre is the resort of the middle and lower classes. No man of rank ever attends them, unless in disguise. The manners are, consequently, free and easy. The audience question the actors, and many a byplay ensues. The curtain has depicted on it an inscription in immense Chinese characters, with an arrow above, to denote the excellence of the piece.

Before the curtain rises, some small row is sure to occur; there is climbing up and down from galleries, and the stage is not respected. When the din becomes threatening, actors' heads will appear through rents in the old curtain, to take part in or to calm the tempest. At last the curtain is raised by the help of some coolies from among the audience, and the orchestra, hidden behind the scenes, begin their deafening performance.

The representation generally lasts until one o'clock in the morning. The plays seem to interest the people wonderfully, and favorite actors receive presents of various kinds. With us these testimonials to favorites are private, but in Japan there are bills all around the stage, telling what the presents have been and who were the liberal donors.

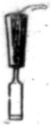
## THE BOY JOINER.

### TOOLS, AND HOW TO USE THEM.

(Continued.)

CHISELS are of numerous forms and sizes. The flat ones (Fig. 13) are called paring chisels. The thick, solid chisels, in large, heavy handles, are called MORTISING CHISELS (Fig. 14), and those which are hollow or curved (Fig. 15) are called gouges. The different uses of these will be explained in the description of the work you will be required to do with them.

SAWS are of various kinds and sizes, the largest of which is the "ripping saw." This has strong, large teeth, and is used for sawing long pieces of wood, which it "rips" or cuts into strips very quickly. The hand-saw (Fig. 16) is the one mostly used, and is of a convenient size for amateurs. In working with a saw, remember that you are to use force in the downward stroke only; you are not to press as you draw upward. Do not work your saw in a series of jerks, but in a regular motion, extending from nearly one end to the other.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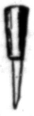
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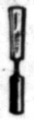
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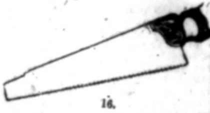
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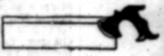
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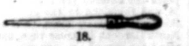
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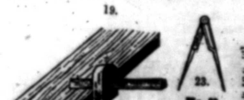
THE SASH OR TENON-SAW (Fig. 17) is used for finer and neater work. It is made of various sizes, and has an iron or brass edge on the back to stiffen it, and thus prevent its bending.

THE KEYHOLE SAW (Fig 18), as its name implies, is used in sawing out keyholes or other small openings. As several sizes are required, the handles are made so that the blades may be taken out and changed. They are held in their places by screws. There is another kind of saw called the frame saw, which is only an eighth or quarter-inch wide, and is fixed in a frame. This is used in sawing out curves, and will be described further on.

PLANES.—If we wanted to cut pieces from the end, or from the edge, or from any part of a board or plank, we should use a chisel, but that tool would not do to get large surfaces smooth, for if we were to use a chisel for this purpose, we should be likely to press more heavily upon it at some parts than at others, and should thus not get the surface level.

The blade of the plane, or, as it is called, the "plane-iron," is, however, fixed in a straight piece of wood, which we push along on the timber we are planing, and thus the edge of this fixed chisel cannot get deeper down at one part than at another.

The plane mostly used is that called the JACK PLANE (Fig 19). This is used for cutting the rough face off the wood, so as to get it down to a fair level, and in using it the workman stops at every arm's length. He regulates his plane-iron according to the shaving he wants to take off. Of course at first he requires to take off as much of the roughness as he can, and this he accomplishes by making the edge of the iron project from the sole, or under surface of the plane, more than he would otherwise do, and as he gets on with the work he lets the iron protrude in a smaller degree.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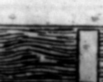
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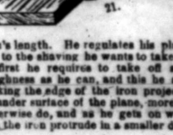
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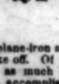
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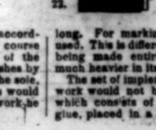
Fig. 23.


22.

He does not take the iron out every time he wishes to alter it; he simply strikes one of the ends of the wooden body of the plane. A blow on the front end causes the iron to come further out, and a blow on the back end causes it to be drawn inward. It is kept fixed in its place by a broad wooden wedge, which is placed in the box in front of the iron, and into this box the shavings rise as the plane is worked. When the plane-iron has been altered, a few blows of the hammer must be given on the wedge in order to tighten it.

To get the surface of the boards perfectly level, the joiner uses a plane which is longer than the Jack, called the "trying plane," and for very large work which is to be perfectly straight (as in the case of long boards which are to be acurately leveled) he uses a still longer one, called the "long plane," whilst, for still larger purposes, as in the case of long boards which are to be glued together, he uses the largest plane of all, called the "jointer."

For smoothing purposes a small plane called a SMOOTHING PLANE (Fig. 20) is used, but you must not depend on this for getting your boards level, for, owing to its small size, it descends into parts which may be lower than others, and rises on to those which are higher, but it is the plane constantly used by the young joiner, as it is very convenient for his purposes, especially since, as a rule, our amateur can buy his longer boards ready planed and edged at the timber-yards, which have mostly sawing and planing-mills attached to them.

You must be careful that your plane-iron is placed perfectly straight in the block, so as not to project from the sole more at one end than the other, for if this were the case you would get a deep scratch or groove along the wood. It is advisable, too, to slightly round off the angles of the plane-iron, by which this annoyance is in some degree mitigated.

There is a smaller iron attached, by means of a screw, to the cutting-iron. This is called the break-iron, and its use is to bend up the shavings to enable the other iron to do its work. This should be fixed so as to come within about one-eighth of an inch of the extreme edge of the cutting-iron for rough work and about one-twentieth for finer work. You will determine the position of the plane-iron if you turn the tool upside down, and placing your eye in a line with the sole, look straight down the surface.

You will also want a "Rebate plane," for cutting away a portion of the edge—like a step—of a board, and also planes for work called "plowed and tongued," which will be explained further on. These are rather expensive, and difficult to use. You had better, therefore, only get them as they may be required.

When you desire to saw off a strip from a board, or a number of strips of equal sizes, instead of ruling a line all along you will use the GAUGE (Fig. 21.) This tool consists of a piece of wood—about an inch thick and nine inches long—which passes through a flat block about three inches square and one inch thick, penetrated by a screw, by which the long piece can be fixed at any required length. In some gauges this is done by means of a wedge. Toward the end of the longer piece a steel point projects, and the distance of this point from the block can be regulated as already described.

The tool is used in the following way: Suppose you wish to cut off a strip two inches wide from a board; take hold of the block of the gauge, and strike the one end of the rod until the steel point is two inches from the face of the block; then secure the rod to the block at that place, either by means of the screw or the wedge. Hold the gauge in your right hand, and placing the block against the edge of the board, which must previously have been planed quite straight, run the gauge along, and the steel point will mark a line parallel with the edge of the board. But you must be careful that the point does not project too much, and that you do not press heavily on it at first; if you do, and are not very careful to keep the block firmly pressed against the edge of the board, the point will be apt to follow the fibre of the wood, which may not run straight. You can, when you have made the first groove, strike the pin, forcing it slightly further out, and thus deepen the mark; in fact, in this way you can cut through thin boards such as you will use in several objects you will find described, but to do this the point must be ground flat and sharp like the edge of a chisel.

If your board is so very uneven in the first instance that it becomes necessary to saw a strip off in order to reduce it to a straight edge, you must place a nail at each end, and fasten a cord, previously rubbed with chalk, tightly to both, then raising it at the middle between your finger and thumb, let go suddenly, when a straight white line will be found on the board. When you have sawn off this rough piece, run your plane along the edge so as to get it quite smooth.

There are some gauges called "mortising gauges," which are used for marking the width of the mortise or cavity in which a tenon is to be fitted. These have two steel points instead of one.

When you have planed your board both on its faces and edges, and require to cut it across in lines at right angles to the edge, you will use the SQUARE (Fig. 22). This is a piece of mahogany or rosewood, into which a steel blade is accurately set. You must place the wooden part against the edge of the board, and mark the line at the required place guided by the blade of the square. In marking you can use a hard pencil cut to a flat point, a scriber, which is a steel point fixed in a handle, or one of your brad-awls.

For marking off lengths, the carpenter and joiner use principally the "two-foot rule"—that is, a measure twenty-four inches long, which is made with a joint in the middle, so that it can be doubled up, and then becomes only one foot long. For marking circles a COMPASS (Fig. 23) is used. This is different from the one used in drawing, being made entirely of steel, and is necessarily much heavier in its construction.

The set of implements for carpenters' and joiners' work would not be complete without a GLUE-POT, which consists of a small iron pot containing the glue, placed in a larger one, into which water is poured. The glue in this way becomes heated without coming into actual contact with the outer pot, and it is thus prevented from being burnt. To prepare glue, it should first be broken into pieces, and placed in the smaller pot, covered with water, and left to soak over night. The glue-pot should then be placed near, but not absolutely on, the fire, for in the latter case the water in the larger pot boils too rapidly and bubbles out, whilst the glue itself is not melted. The glue should not be too thick when used, and it should be quite hot.

A CARPENTER'S BENCH is a most important piece of furniture. The vise or screw enables you to hold your boards whilst you edge them, and to perform all your operations with comparative ease and comfort; it is therefore advisable that you should obtain one, if possible. You can often buy a good second-hand bench for a very small sum, or a journeyman carpenter will make one for you at a reasonable price, the vise and screws being sold at the tool shops. In lieu of the above, a strong kitchen table can be made to serve the purpose, but, of course, not as well as a proper bench.

One of the greatest luxuries which an amateur joiner can enjoy is a room all to himself—a kitchen or other apartment on the ground-floor—but failing this, an attic will do. The former is, however, preferable, as the wood is more easily conveyed to it, and the chips, shavings, etc., are removed without their being carried through the house.

(To be continued.)

## RIDDLES.

WHY is a railway-train like a vision of the night? Because it goes over the sleepers.

Why is a lady's bustle like a historical romance? Because it is fiction founded upon fact.

Why is the queen's health like an intemperate man? Because it is often drunk.

Why is love like the British army? Because it overcomes all obstacles.

Why is a reckless fellow like a man stabbing at a shadow? Because he sticks at nothing.

Why is a good conundrum like an Irishman? Because it is quite pat.

Why is a used-up horse like a bad play? Because it can't run and won't draw.

Why is a first-floor like a falsehood? Because it is a story.

Why would a great gourmand make a very clumsy dressmaker? Because the more he takes in the more he tucks out.

Why is a tiger hunted in an Indian jungle like a piece of presentation plate? Because it is chased and charged by the ounce.

Why is blind-man's-buff like sympathy? Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature.

Why is the grass on which animals feed older than yourself? Because it is pasturage (past your age).

Why is a caged bird like a hardened sailor? Because he doesn't care for the cat.

When does a vessel become an equestrian? When it rides at anchor.

Why are cowardly soldiers like butter? Because, when exposed to fire, they run.

Why is a hare, run to death, a very bold animal? Because it always dies game.

Which of the battles in the Crimea was the most unequal? That one where forty thousand Russians fought at Inkerman (A-Tinkerman).

What instrument of war does the earth resemble? A revolver.

Why is an Irishman mending his clothes like a landed proprietor? Because he takes in the rents.

Why is a man habitually in debt like a restive horse? Because he gets into arrear (a rear).

Why should buying trousers on credit be considered a dishonorable transaction? Because they are breeches (breaches) of trust.

Why is an unsuccessful dun like your slippers at bedtime? Because he is put off till the next day.

Why should you suppose the wheel of fortune belongs to an omnibus? Because it is constantly taking up and putting down people.

When is a good-natured man like a soldier on parade? When he stands a tease (at ease).

Why is a sheriff's officer like a famous Roman emperor? Because he is a seizer (Cæsar).

Why is a thing difficult to describe like a chronometer? Because it is a what (watch) you may call it.

Why is an egg like a young horse? Because it is not useable till broken.

When is a river not a river? When it is high (eye) water.

Why is the treadmill like a true convert? Because its turning is the result of conviction.

Why is a good tavern like a bad one? Because they are both inconvenient (inn).

What would make you think that reptiles increase very rapidly? Because there are so many adders among them.

Why are bankrupts more to be pitied than idiots? Because bankrupts are broken, while idiots are only cracked.

Why are the bars of a convent like a blacksmith's apron? Because they keep off the sparks.

Why is a gravedigger like a waterman? Because he handles sculls.

Why is an iron steam vessel like the loss of a fortune? Because it is a hard ship (hardship).

Why are sluggards' beds too short for them? Because they are too long for them.

Why is a carpenter less agreeable-looking than his wife? Because he is a deal planer (plainer).

Why is a greedy boy like a grub-worm? Because he makes the butter fly (butterfly).

Why are jokes like nuts? Because the dryer they are the better they crack.

Why should you expect a banished criminal to be a very happy man? Because he is transported.

When is a pugilist like an animal with four hands? When he doubles his fists.

When is a sailor not a sailor? When he is aboard.

Why are lawyers like sawers? Because whichever way the wind blows down comes the dust.

Why does a porpoise weigh less than any other fish? Because it has no scales.

If a gentleman bought four apples for a penny, and presented a lady with one, why would he be like a telescope? Because he would present a far thing (farthing) present.

Why is a man's coat larger when he takes it out of a carpet-bag? Because he finds it in creases (increases).

When is a lobster like a mortar? When it casts its shell.

Why should a tanner make a good chemist? Because he understands ox-hides (oxides).

What is that which is always invisible yet never out of sight? The letter I.

Why should battle-fields be very gay places? Because balls and routs are common there.

## OUR LETTER-BOX.

JULIUS MAGNETTE, Long Island City.—The drawings must be original; the "copy" you referred to was a mistake.

EDWIN A. DURGINS.—You have as much right to become a contributor as any one else. Of course we cannot guarantee that your stories will be accepted, but we can promise you that they shall receive our (reader's) immediate attention. We intend to take *your other* proposition into consideration.

YOUNG PICKWICK.—Benedict Arnold died a natural death, and at the time of his death was in the British service.

GEO. D. LAIRD.—Certainly; we still continue our offer. You can choose your own subject.

J. B. H.—1. We cannot undertake to do so; let him see the editor. 2. Our readers generally consider that six continued stories is too much, as it does not leave room for other matter. 3. We cannot tell you Roger Starbuck's age. His next story will commence in No. 695, and is entitled, "Tracked by a Pirate: *Or*, The Adventures of a Young Sponge-hunter." 4. It is very likely that some other publication may have stolen the story from us. 5. We cannot say that he will not; yet we have not made any arrangements with him. 6. It is founded on fact. 7. The author was taken sick, and is still unwell. 8. Something under 200,000. 9. We have not space enough to *repeat* questions.

DOT.—1. Salts *of* lemon is often used for cloth. 2. We have not the space to give you the details you require. Address Mr. W. Carey Smith, N. Y. Y. C., and he will give you the official rules.

JOHN SMITH, SHERRY & SON, Peoria.—You forgot to send us the answers to your puzzles.

CONSTANT READER.—1. There is no fixed price. Joe Goss, Billy Edwards, Professor McClellan and Professor Lafin are considered very good matches, 2. Study under a good master.

W. S. AUSTIN.—The *Pictorial* has no connection with our establishment. We have not all the papers you require, but will endeavor to give you some stories quite as interesting. Read our new story, "Tracked by a Pirate." It will begin in the next number; order early, or you may have to wait.

G. A. HENCKEL.—We do not publish impossible stories. See the above answer.

T. AUGUSTIS CURTIS, Stow, Mass.—You have a perfect right to compete. We shall only be too glad to hear from you.

C. M. HARTNETT.—1. The business he feels the most inclination for. 2. It is a very good business, but rarely leads to fortune. 3. Yes. 4. No interest is paid on Western Union stock; the profits arise from dividends. 6. In this State the legal interest would be $1,350. 7. Bancroft's is the standard history. Price, usually, $15 a set; it is not yet complete. 8. It is scarcely possible to give you a certain answer, but Ferdinand de Lesseps is practical originator.

W. C. M.—1. They are all out of print. 2. Certainly. Commodore Ah-Look will doubtless answer your question if you send him a letter through our office. We are not at liberty to do so. We cannot publish extract stories from other papers. We only use new and original matter.

P. A. GOODWIN.—1. We cannot; out of print. 2. Yes. 3. Twenty-five cents a line. 4. You must have received it by this time; if you have not, let us know immediately. Sorry for the delay. 5. We have not yet decided to do so. 6. In February, 1877. 7. No.

WE beg our young friends to consider the Letter-Box as being entirely at their disposal. They can ask us any questions they like, and we will do our best to please them in reply. Of course, they must not think that they can receive an immediate reply, for we always have a great number on hand, and are sometimes restricted as to space; but we promise that all and every answer shall be carefully attended to.

## THE DRAWING-TABLE.

### EIGHTH COMPETITION.

PRIZE-WINNERS.

1.—Miss Hattie M. Simons, 10 Mulberry Street, Kansas City, Mo.

2.—Alonzo G. Wagner, Lake Grove, L. I.

3.—Tom Davis, Roxbury, Mass.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Fred Brickell, 78 Cass Street, Trenton P. O., Chambersburg, N. J.
Will M. Oliver, care J. H. Boutler & Co., Cambridge, Ohio.
Willie A. Williams, Canajoharie, Montgomery County, N. Y.
Edward Pearson, 5 Milton Street, Boston, Mass.
Ernie Hewitt, Elkhardt, Ind.
Alonzo J. Wagner, Lake Grove, L. I.
Irvine C. Chester, Box 665, Westerly, R. I.
George W. Cracroft, Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.
Ellis Doud, care Wm. McGrath, 12 Hollis Place, Roxbury, Boston, Mass.
Frank Kellerman, 48 Market Street, Pittsburg, Pa.
John L. Kopf, 223 Avenue A, New York City.
Samuel Golding, Box 647, Cory, Erie County, Pa.
Chas. Prior, 348 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.
C. C. Northern, 141 South High Street, Nashville, Tenn.
John Stohl, Box 296, Sycamore, Ill.
Charles H. Wharton, 353 West Forty-third Street, New York City.
William Chuppell, 68 West Fortieth Street, New York City.
James N. De Weese (no address).
Edward Kris, Duluth, St. Louis County, Minn.
Miss Julia Couburn, Howard City, Mich.
Geo. B. Wiltring, Jr., 320 Decatur Street, New Orleans, La.
J. W. Grommon, Lincoln Center, Kansas.
Master Willie Willis, Pushmataha, Ala.
Edwin E. Gilman, Rockland, Mass.
Thos. Davis, care Davis Bros., Roxbury, Boston, Mass.
William H. Smith, Renova, Pa.
Carl Smith, National Stock Yards, East St. Louis, Ill.

George H. Hodge, Hudson, N. Y.
Otis J. Tall, 103 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.
Edgar S. Perkins, 473 Mulberry Street, Baltimore, Md.
Edward Brooks, 8 Common Street, Lawrence, Mass.
Miss Hattie M. Simons, 10 Mulberry Street, Kansas City, Mo.
J. Edmund Page, 75 Ten Broeck Street, Albany, N. Y.
Myra Sands, Salem, Washington County, Ind.
James E. Hewes, 103 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.
Edgar J. Taylor, 59 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Frank Hickman, 506 Niagara Street, Buffalo.
John Cadzans, Box 118, Waterloo, N. J.
J. N. Kriegshabel, 490 Fifth Street, Louisville, Ky.
Ed. Thompson, Ypsilanti, Mich.
W. Smith, care W. U. T. Co., Wheeling, W. Va.
John O'Neil, 126 Greenwich Street, New York City.
Frank Williamson, Northumberland, Bethlehem, Pa.
J. H. S., Jr., Box 927, Brooklyn, N. Y.
James Donohue, 241 West Thirty-seventh Street, New York City.
James R. Miller, Box 355, Altoona, Blair County, Pa.
Van Millitt, Care of Ramsey, Millitt & Hudson, Kansas, Mo.
A. W. Storm, 726 Broadway, New York City.
Robert Meeks, Jr., Muncil, Delaware County, Ind.
Hiram Altman, Penn Avenue, near Mary Street, East End, Pittsburg, Pa.
John H. Beach, 88 East Washington Street, Empire Line, Chicago, Ill.
Averill Thompson, Corry, Erie County, Pa.
William Sprangle, P. O., Orange, Ind.
Sherman Bear, Massillon, Stark County, Ohio.
Miss Agnes Silk, 1431 N. E. cor. Fifteenth Street & Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.
A. B. Scott, 20 Patchen Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
J. H. Green (no address).
Carrie Jones, Box 174, Ithaca, Tompkins County, N. Y.
Harry Rove, 288 South Ninth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.
John H. Newey, 44 Sumner Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Sumner E. Kittelle, 7 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.

The following candidates have been heard from, and their drawings will be decided upon next week:

Augustas Peverelly, C. E. Porzelt, P. L. Staats, Master Bentley, Agnes W. Combs, Ernest White, Miss Julia A. Couburn, Charlie Flemming, John Kitele, Edward Gudschinsky, J. M. Tyson, John McKeever, Daniel R. Hogan, John Miller, Frank R. Daniels, E. Ones, C. Tighe, S. W. Bramwell, G. E. W. Berger, George A. Hodge, Augustas Peverelly, Jr., Chas. Huber, Joseph Lingswing, John S. Westlotown, Walter T. Barnes, R. Backman, William A. Lamor, Francis Wrightson, Fred. S. Lafferty, Geo. L. Swain, G. A. Ingalls, John F. McLain, Miss Cora Baldwin, Chas. R. Baylie, Chas. Beindorff, Ernie Hewitt, Walter S. Heck, Miss Clara Meyer, G. W. Murphy, W. F. Hammock, Sherman Bear, Chas. Prior, Daisey F. Mallory, Will M. Oliver, Miss Lizzie Folsom, N. Wasweyler, Anderson Rosenbury, L. Preston Winterode, Stephen Leo, Lawrence Wright, Edward Oakley, Thomas Dwyer, Eddie Heiser, William R. Austin, B. F. Schirmer, W. H. Calvin, Samuel A. North, A. Lipph[illegible], Claude H. Fontaine, Harry K. Ferguson, Charle[illegible] Nichols, Louis C. Kesselbein, Chas A. Willin, [illegible] H. Hunter, Chas. Crowley, William H. Paxto[illegible] Huck, William Cadzan, Thos. Boyle, Thos. Doran, R. Zimmerman, Geo. L. Littlefield, James F. Roman, Jr., Ira S. Henny, F. A. Curtis, Peter C. Feisberg.

### DRAWING TABLE NOTICE.

MANY of our young competitors neglect to send us their correct addresses, and the consequence is that their certificates of merit do not reach.

Three letters have recently been returned to us: [illegible] to Thomas F. Byron; another to [illegible] Jenk; and another to Inez Brown.

We should be very much obliged if they would send us their right addresses, so that we can forward their certificates.

A contributor from Washington complains that he sent a picture and did not see his or her name mentioned, and at the same time sent us a second contribution, and *again* forgot to sign his or her name, or even mention the address. Of course, under the circumstances, the editor cannot be blamed.

For the benefit of any of our young readers who may not have noticed our previous announcement, we beg to state that, for the present, we are giving three prizes for drawings executed by any of our young friends without any assistance from teachers, parents or others. The prizes are $3, $2, and $1, respectively, accompanied by a certificate of merit, inscribed with the name and address of the winner. Any drawing that is not quite good enough for one of the prizes, but which has great merit, will receive honorable mention in our columns, as well as a certificate of merit.

All our young readers must try, and if they do not win a prize the first time, let them try again.

We are constantly receiving letters from our young friends complaining that they do not see their drawings noticed. Now, in answer to a number of questions, we hope that they will carefully read the following:

1st. We do not guarantee to return any drawings unless the sender requests us to do so at the time she or he sends the contribution.

2d. Our young friends must not be too impatient. Remember that we receive a great many drawings, and that they cannot all receive attention in one week.

3d. Be very careful in putting your name and address down carefully.

4th. We have received dozens of drawings without any name or address to inform us who they belonged to, and among others, one that we are *forced* to *mention*, for it is so well drawn—the *house* of Doctor Alexander Martin, D.D. You cannot expect us to notice your work if you do not let us know your names and addresses. Show your certificate to your friends, and get them to compete, for in future, by reason of the great number of drawings we receive, we are going to give fewer certificates, in order that they may be more prized.

# THE ROUND TABLE.

## PRIZES.

### To be Read by all who Send Answers.

FOR A COMPLETE SET OF ANSWERS TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, ETC., IN THIS NUMBER.

| | |
|---|---|
| For the best and earliest, due allowance being made for the distance of each competitor | $5.00 |
| For the next best | 2.50 |
| For the third in merit and promptness | 1.06 |

N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 691.

1. P, Bat, Paper, Ten, R—G, Old, Brace, Conduct, Gladstone, Captive, Clove, One, E. 2. Mabel, Abate, Bathe, Ethic, Leech—Attic, Tiara, Taxes, Irene, Cases. 3. (*a.*) Syringa-tree, whose sole value is derived from its juice or sap; (*b.*) Overshoes and soles; (*c.*) Beds; (*d.*) Waterproof coats and cloaks; (*e.*) Whale-lines; (*f.*) Bottles; (*g.*) Swimming-belts; (*h.*) Surgical bandages; (*i.*) Oil; (*j.*) India-rubber; (*k.*) Varnish; (*l.*) Pipes and tubing; (*m.*) Flambeaux; (*n.*) Horse girths; (*o.*) Cables, etc. 4. "Under the Crown;" Because it is a fowl in peace (fowling-piece); A forensic (foreign sick) man; I'm glad I hate her (Gladiator). 5. Bacchus, Medusa, Laverna, Cupid, Vulcan, Ixion, Venilia, Banc's, Melpomene. 6. BatH, UtiC, LancasteR, WaterloO, ExurialL, RichmonD, LeixliP, YalE, TyroL, TeignmoutH, OnegA, NottinghaM. 7. O. N.—Owen; N. A.—Any; S. A.—Essay; D. and Y.—Dee and Wye; X. Q. Q.—Excuse; C. C.—Seize. 8. Holywell, Springfield, Dunbar, Greenlaw, Coldstream, Carrich. 9. Inkerman, Philipi, Mantinea, Edge-hill, Towton, Wakefield Green, Tanagra, Otterburn.

### WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 691.

1.—A. H. Woodstock, Catlett Station, Fauquier Co., Va.

2.—J. H. Manning, Ypsilanti, Mich.

No third prize given for answers in this number, as the rest of the competitors had nine-tenths wrong.

### ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

#### 1.—LOGOGRIPHS.

1. My whole is to make brown by the sun, but change my second letter, and I shall be as follows—viz., a number, a metal, a weight, a measure.

2. Whole I am a verb; change my central letter, and I shall be a useful article, a hole, to caress, one who is often caressed.

3. Whole I am a sovereign; change my last letter six times, and I shall be to jump, to guide, part of a plant, a girl's name, a hole.

4. My whole is a fee, but if my first letter is substituted for another, I shall remain a plaything, to set in motion, to lop tree-tops.

5. My first is acid, but if the first letter of my first is changed four times, I shall be as follows: An animal, a vehicle, a weapon, a shop, a fraction.

6. My first is to frighten; change my second letter, and I shall be to divide, to look, a tap, to let off.

#### 2.—WORD SQUARES.

1. An article of dress; an adverb of time; land measure; an English river.

2. A father; parched; a liquid measure; a town in Arabia.

3. A cry; a division of India; a metal; a narrow street.

4. A hard piece of wood; part of a wheel; a hot place; to watch.

#### 3.—PUZZLE.

I rise in the Summer as early as one,
I don't go to bed until twelve,
I sleep in the cavern where rivulets run,
And saunter away to the delve.

I live in the fields where the buttercups grow,
I hide myself up in the trees,
I'm found in the heart of the sweet-scented rose,
And its perfume I bear on the breeze.

I live in the valleys where deep rivers bound,
I'm oftentimes seen in the skies,
And near to the editor's elbow I'm found
When sending forth "Merry and Wise."

In the puzzle charades that his little ones weave
I take the most prominent part,
I peep at his letters, and creep up his sleeve,
And hide in his good-natured heart.

#### 4.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials and finals read downward will name respectively a novelist and a poet.

1. A country in Asia.
2. A short poem.
3. The cover of a house.
4. A bird.
5. An animal.
6. A useful metal.
7. An English river.
8. A bird.
9. A motive.
10. A country in Europe.
11. Horse troops.
12. A mountain in Asia.
13. A town in Italy.
14. A town in France.

#### 5.—ACROSTIC.

The middle letters, read downward, will give the name of an Italian sculptor and painter.

1. An article of furniture. 2. An Irish county. 3. One of the months in the year. 4. A city of Germany. 5. Another word for principal. 6. A boy's name. 7. A snare.

#### 6.—TRANSPOSITIONS (Philosophers and Writers).

1. Bin Karflen ja minn.
2. Wraics ten siona.
3. Ro crab gone.
4. Jane should scorn to me.
5. Their dolls-movig.
6. S. W. I. Can that join of door.
7. Docai saw a cat trot.
8. Cen Wira is to kill a lamb.

#### 7.—ARITHMOREM.

1. 600 for Ane—A town in Germany.
2. 61 kuoe—A town in Russia.
3. 1100 crea—A town in Spain.
4. 156 unee—A town in France.
5. 1100 kuhsa—A town in Asia.
6. 302 bothe—A town in the United States.
7. 1100 awoabe—A town in India.
8. 600 agenan—An island belonging to Denmark.

Take the first letter of the first word, the second of the second, the third of the third, and so on, and you will have the name of a Roman emperor.

#### 8.—DIAMOND.

A consonant; a giddy girl; portion of fish; unhealthy; article of wear; to plead; a consonant.

J. H. GREEN.

#### 9.—PUZZLE.

The woodman plied his ax with force,
Strike after strike he made in vain;
The sturdy oaks stood many a blow,
Until their first they rent in twain.
'Tis thus malicious tongues attack
The innocent, the pure, the brave;
'Tis thus my second is destroyed
Until my first is in the grave.
What is the use of plaudits, then?
Why praise his virtues, now he's dead?
Ah, such is life! Go turf his grave,
And plant my whole above his head.

#### 10.—QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

Firsts, seconds, thirds and finals show
Four boys' nicknames that you well know.

1. This is a gentle, holy blessing,
Oft given to penitents confessing;
2. Pertaining to a beauteous gem,
Found in full many a diadem;
3. And if my last I must declare,
Well pitched! I think I've caught you there.

ANDRÉ W. SEGUIN.

A JUDGE is credited with the authorship of the following joke. He was recently trying a case of alleged infringement of patent. A bran-dusting machine was brought into the court that the jurors might see it at work. The judge looked at it a moment or two, and then remarked: "I hope counsel will not be guilty of throwing dust in the eyes of the jury with that machine."

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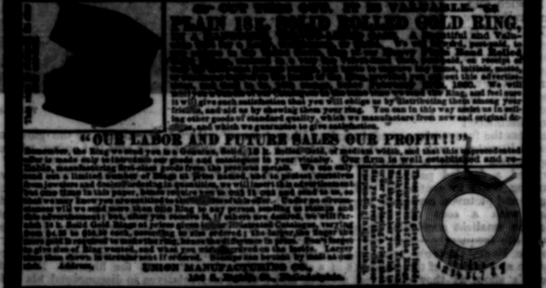

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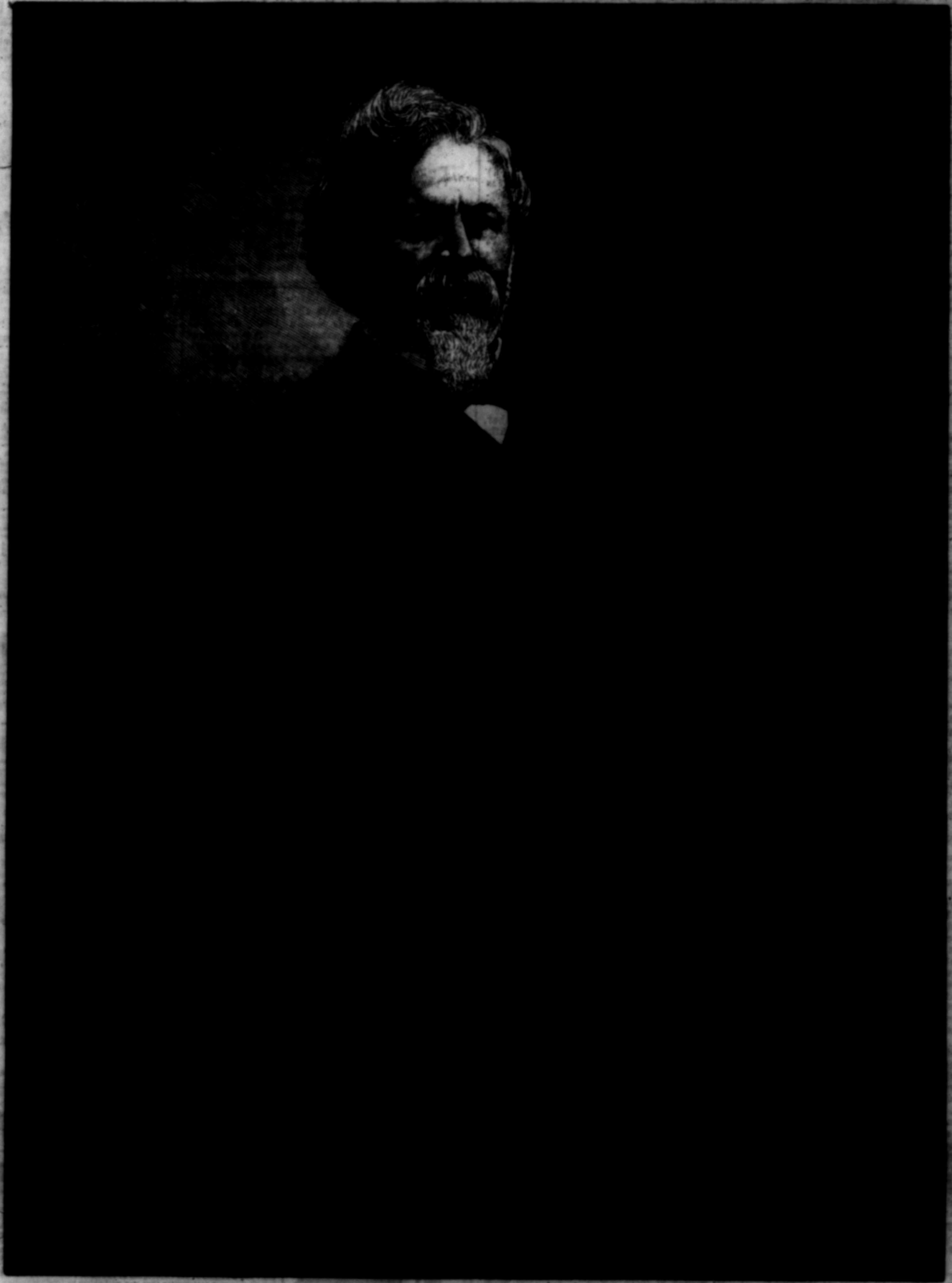
## FRANK LESLIE.

From the time of the first issue—October, 1866—of Frank Leslie's Boys' and Girls' Weekly, the youth of this country have found immense enjoyment in the pages of this paper, and now that it is our painful duty to record the almost sudden demise of Mr. Frank Leslie, we may say that the creation of the Boys' and Girls' Weekly was a singularly apt conception, and its wonderful popularity was due to the fact that in watching over its weekly issues Mr. Leslie always imagined himself still a boy, and while ever recalling the boyishness of his boyhood—for when with young people he was playful as a kitten—he was mindful of indoctrinating his young readers with the struggles they would have to encounter with the hard grindstone of the realities of life. The portrait and sketch here given will afford pleasure to our many readers.

Ere this journal shall have gone forth to the world, the words "Frank Leslie is dead!" will have been uttered by thousands. In the span allotted to him he bravely took his share in the burden and heat of the day, doing yeoman's work, and doing it masterfully and well. But a few weeks since and Frank Leslie, to all seeming in his usual ripe rude health, was the busiest in the busy hive, with life scarcely touching its Autumn for him; but the dread fiat had gone forth, and he was doomed. The seeds of a fibrous tumor in the neck developed themselves, and, although endowed with a superb physique; attended, too, by the most skillful physicians, the most anxious friends and the most devoted nurses, his case proved beyond the reach of human aid, and he calmly sank to rest at six o'clock upon the evening of Saturday, January 11th, at his residence, 511 Fifth Avenue.

Henry Carter, whose *nom de crayon*, "Frank Leslie," among English-speaking peoples, was destined to become a veritable household word, was born at Ipswich, England, in the year 1821. His father, Joseph Carter, was an extensive glove-manufacturer, and to his lucrative and long-established business the future pioneer of American illustrated literature was in course of time duly indentured. While a mere child, the boy evinced a decided passion for cutting and carving wood in grotesque and curious designs, and pictures, especially engravings, held him with a sort of fierce fascination. As the smallest accidental circumstances in early life frequently decide our whole future course, Henry Carter's career was determined by the movements of the employés in a silversmith's shop, as they engraved designs and letters upon various articles of silver and gold. He passed this shop on his way to school, and nothing connected with the operations of the silversmith's assistants escaped his observation. He marked the tools that were used and the manner of using them, nor did he rest until he had obtained a sufficient number of engraver's instruments to enable him to commence the work himself. The indomitable perseverance that characterized his later efforts stood by him now, and his engraving of a view of the Ipswich Town Hall earned for him the highest eulogium of his schoolmaster, who predicted a brilliant future for the youthful artist. At the age of seventeen, and with a view to his acquiring a more extended knowledge of the glove-making business, he was sent to London, where he became a clerk in the glove department of the extensive drygoods establishment of his uncle; but every moment that could be snatched from the "dreary drudgery of the desk's dead wood" was surreptitiously devoted to sketching, drawing or engraving, and life seemed only at its best for him when engaged in following the path which he had already commenced to cut out for himself. His father, uncle and relatives so discouraged his artistic aspirations, that he was constrained to keep his work a secret from them, and in order the better to insure his *incognito*, adopted a name which is now familliar from Indus to the Pole—namely, that of Frank Leslie. The dull routine of business became unendurable. He cast himself loose from it and its assured prospects, and although but twenty years of age, bravely started on the career that was destined to bring him name, and fame, and fortune. At this period he married. His marriage, an unfortunate one from the beginning, continued to be unhappy, and terminated by separation in 1860. Three sons were born of this alliance—Harry, Alfred and Scipio, the last-mentioned of whom died in 1879. Henry Carter, immediately upon being launched into art life, became connected with the *Illustrated London News*, where he was placed in charge of the engraving department; and it was during his relations with this eminent and enterprising journal that he obtained his masterful knowledge of every detail appertaining to the publication of an illustrated paper. It was here that he learned the operation known as overlaying—the system of regulating light and shade effects—in pictorial printing, a system which he was the first to introduce to this country, and which now forms so important an element in illustrated journalism.

Henry Carter, at this early stage of his life, was not only one of the first engravers and artists on wood of his time, but he was a far-seeing man of business, and, entertaining a lively conviction that in America there existed a wide field for the engraver's art, which could be profitably cultivated and worked, he had the courage of his convictions, and came to this country in the year 1848; at once declared his intention of remaining, and forthwith obtained an Act of Legislature to enable him to assume the name of Frank Leslie, as under this title his fame as an artist in wood and engraver had also preceded him. Mr. Leslie's American career commenced upon *Gleason's Pictorial*. Later on, when Mr. Barnum started his illustrated paper with the Beaches, Mr. Leslie was treated with to superintend the engraving department; and so high was Mr. Barnum's opinion of the youthful engraver's ability, that he offered to add $20,000 to the $20,000 already invested in the paper if the sole charge was given into Frank Leslie's hands. The offer was not accepted, and the failure of the paper is a matter of journalistic history. After the collapse of Barnum and Beach's illustrated paper, Frank Leslie, in 1854, commenced publishing on his own account, and the first periodical he issued was the *Gazette of Fashion*, now so widely and favorably known as *Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine*. Shortly afterward he published the *New York Journal*, which he purchased when its circulation was at its lowest ebb, and infusing it with the vitality of his enterprise, he speedily raised its circulation to the point of profit. On December 14th, 1855, Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, now in its twenty-fifth year, came to an eager and appreciative public, and the success which its enterprise so signally achieved has grown with its growth and strengthened with its strength. Its pages have illustrated the history of this great country for the last twenty-five years, every event of any public importance having been duly, and faithfully, and vividly chronicled. Its earlier subscribers will recall the graphic pictures of the Burdell murder and the inauguration of President Buchanan—the first Presidential election ever illustrated in this country; the exposure of the swill-milk horrors, for his action in regard to which Mr. Leslie received public recognition and a public testimonial; of the execution of John Brown; of the great Lynn strike; of the Heenan and Sayers contest; of the Japanese Commission; of the Atlantic Cable; the Civil War; of the Lincoln assassination; the Chicago and Boston fires, and of other engrossing subjects too numerous to mention.



THE LATE FRANK LESLIE.

(*Continued on page 411.*)